

SMILIN' ED'S

# Buster Brown

## COMICS

Book  
No. 17



*B. Brown*  
*Listen*  
**Kids** — Listen in every Saturday morning  
**WSM 10:30 A.M.**

**HOPKINSVILLE BOOTERY**

HOPKINSVILLE, KY.

YOUR FRIENDLY STORE





**WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM**





# Hi, Buddies and Sweethearts!

Be sure to get this swell new neckerchief. Wear it and let everybody know you belong to the Buster Brown Gang.

EACH NECKERCHIEF IN 3 BEAUTIFUL COLORS!



EACH NECKERCHIEF ALMOST TWO FEET SQUARE!



Here's the good-looking gold-colored metal clip that comes with every neckerchief and holds it in place when you wear it.

Why, in the stores this combination would cost 80¢ or more! But as a Buster Brown Gang member you can get *both* for only . . .

**25¢**

**THIS  
IS A WOW!  
WANTA KNOW HOW  
TO GET IT?  
SEE INSIDE BACK  
COVER**



# A CIRCUS AT THE CIRCUS

*With Smilin' Ed and his Gang*

AH YES, SMILIN' ED, MY BARRUM DAILY AND STINGLING BROTHERS CIRCUS IS PLAYING HERE IN YOUR TOWN, AND I THOUGHT I'D LIKE TO HAVE YOU AND YOUR LITTLE FRIENDS COME ALONG AS MY GUESTS.

I ALWAYS WANTED TO BE A LION TAMER, I DID, I DID!

WE'RE DELIGHTED, MR. DAILY. I'M SURE THAT MIDNIGHT THE CAT, SQUEEKIE THE MOUSE AND FROGGY THE GREMLIN ARE TICKLED TO GO.

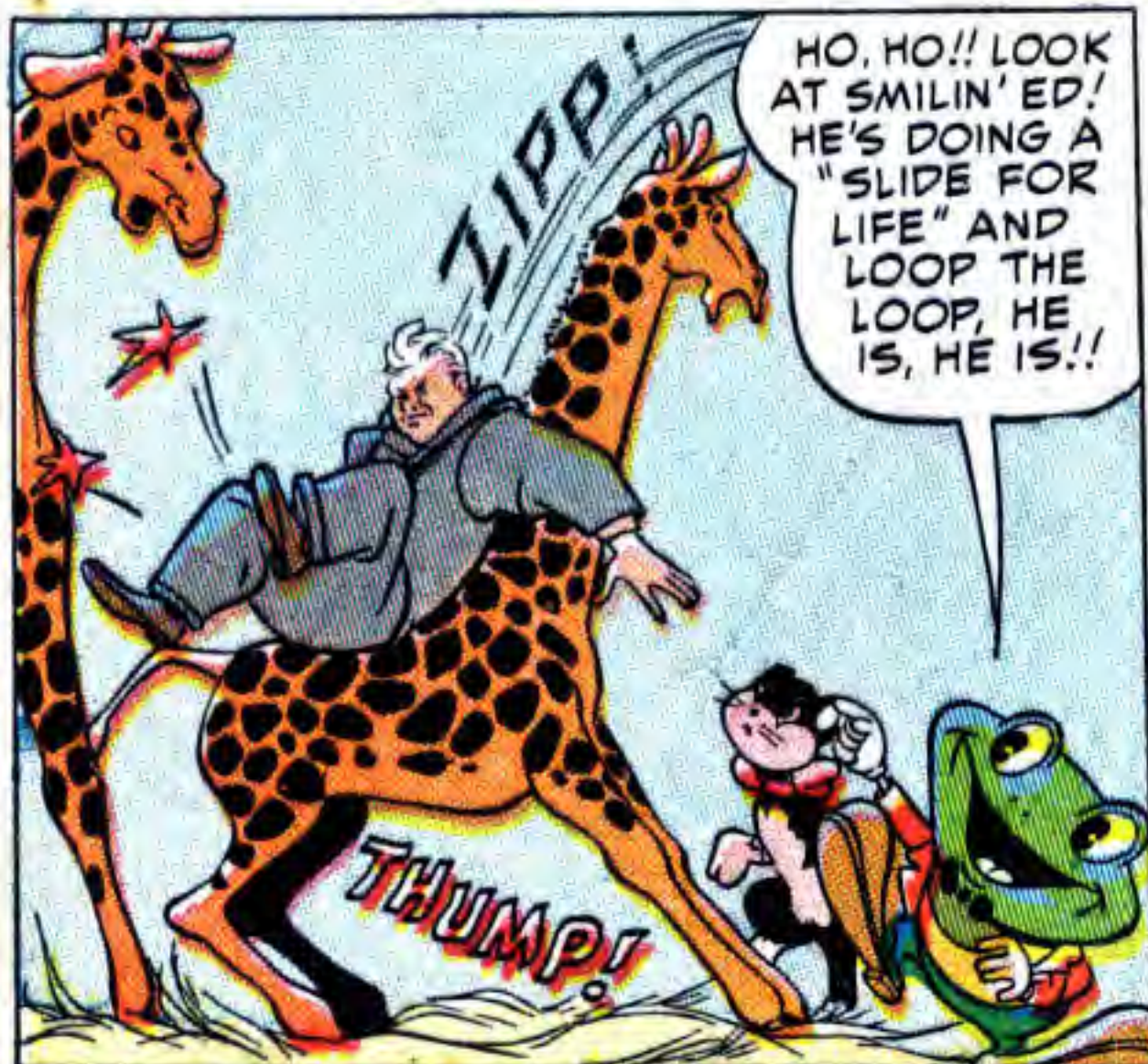
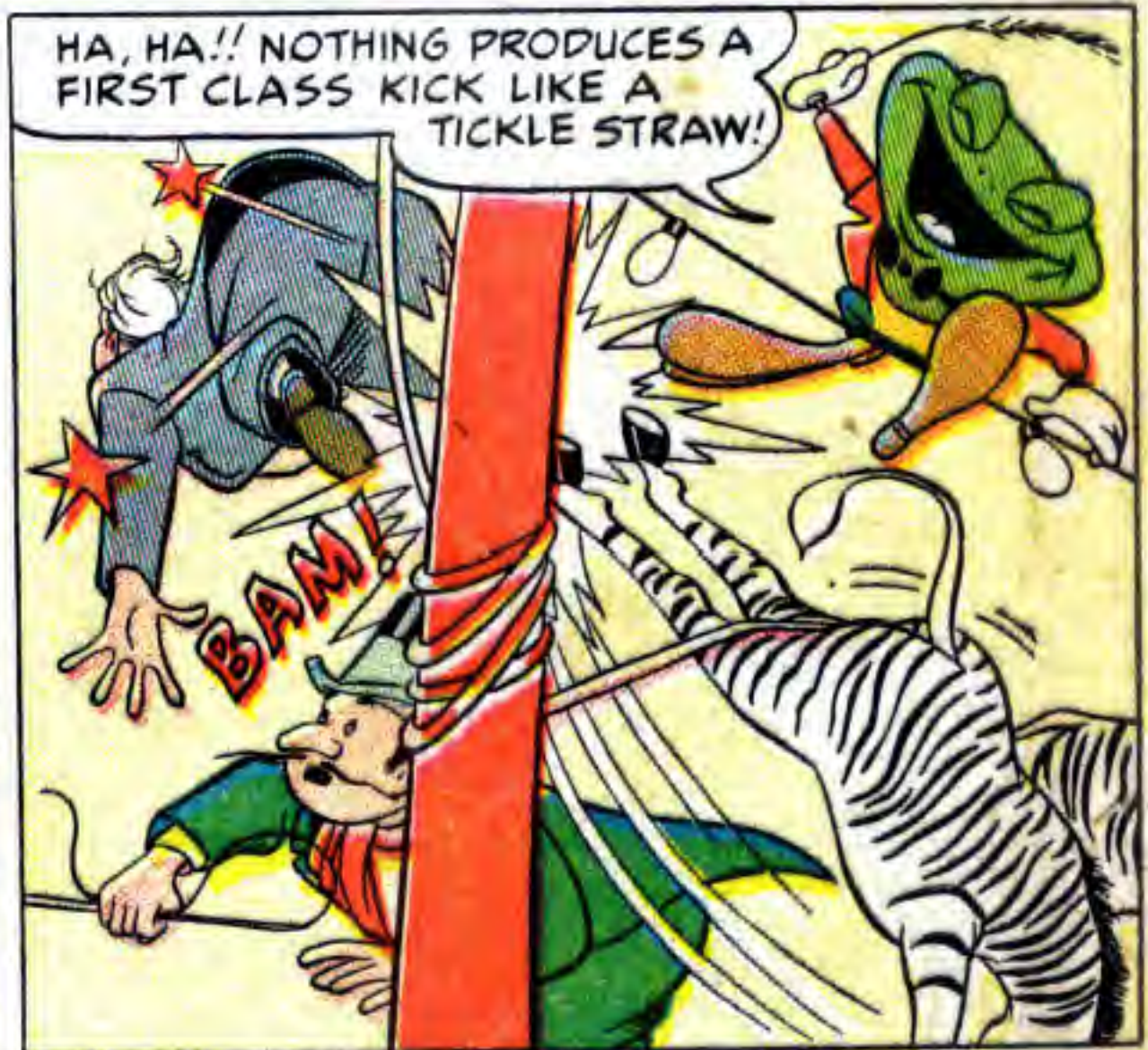
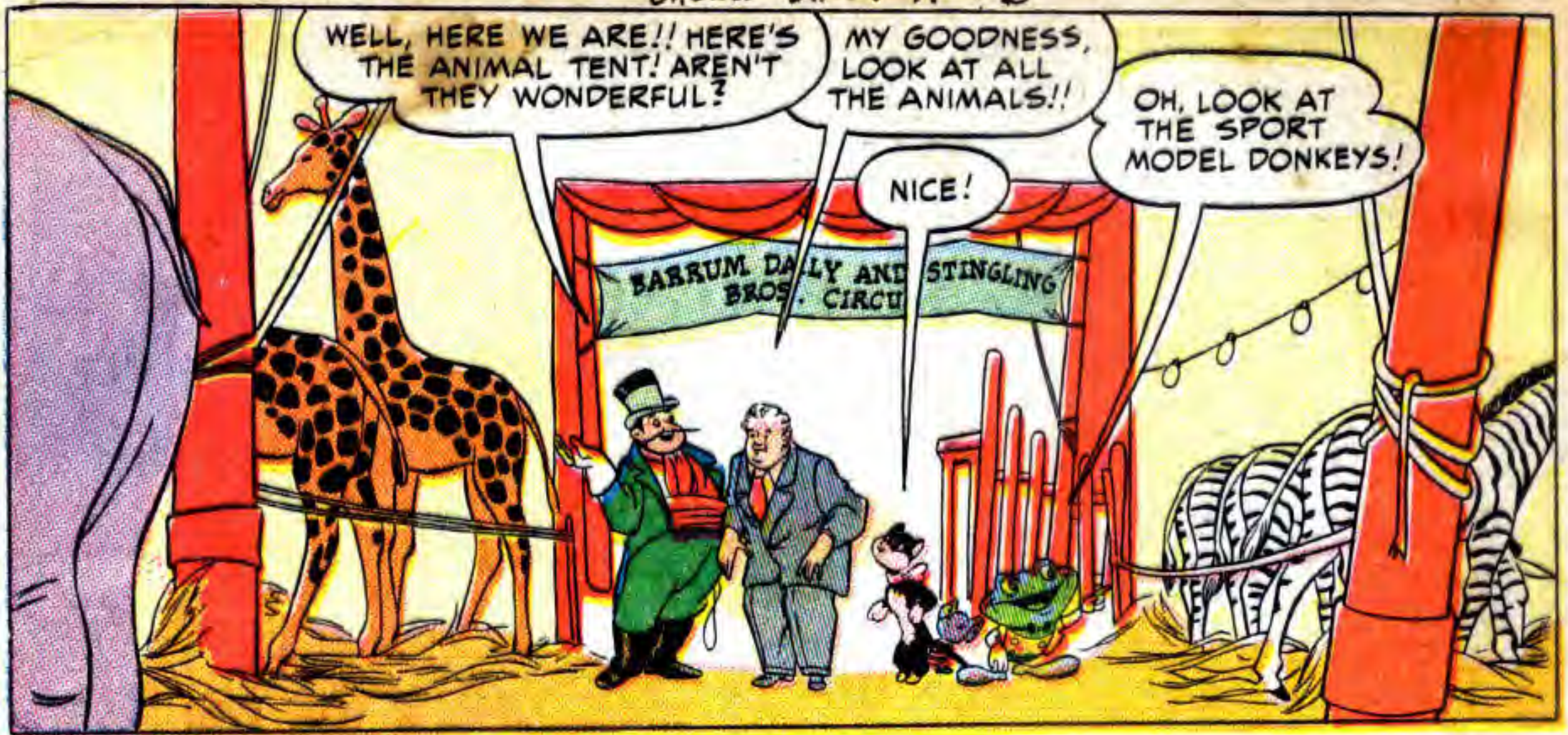
I LOVE CIRCUSES!!

NICE!

BARRUM DAILY  
STINGLING BR  
CIRCUS

**M**R. BARRUM DAILY, AN OLD FRIEND OF SMILIN' ED'S FROM HIS EARLY DAYS IN SHOW BUSINESS MAKES A SURPRISE VISIT-- AND HE INVITES THE WHOLE GANG TO RIDE BACK TO HIS CIRCUS WITH HIM IN HIS COACH ....



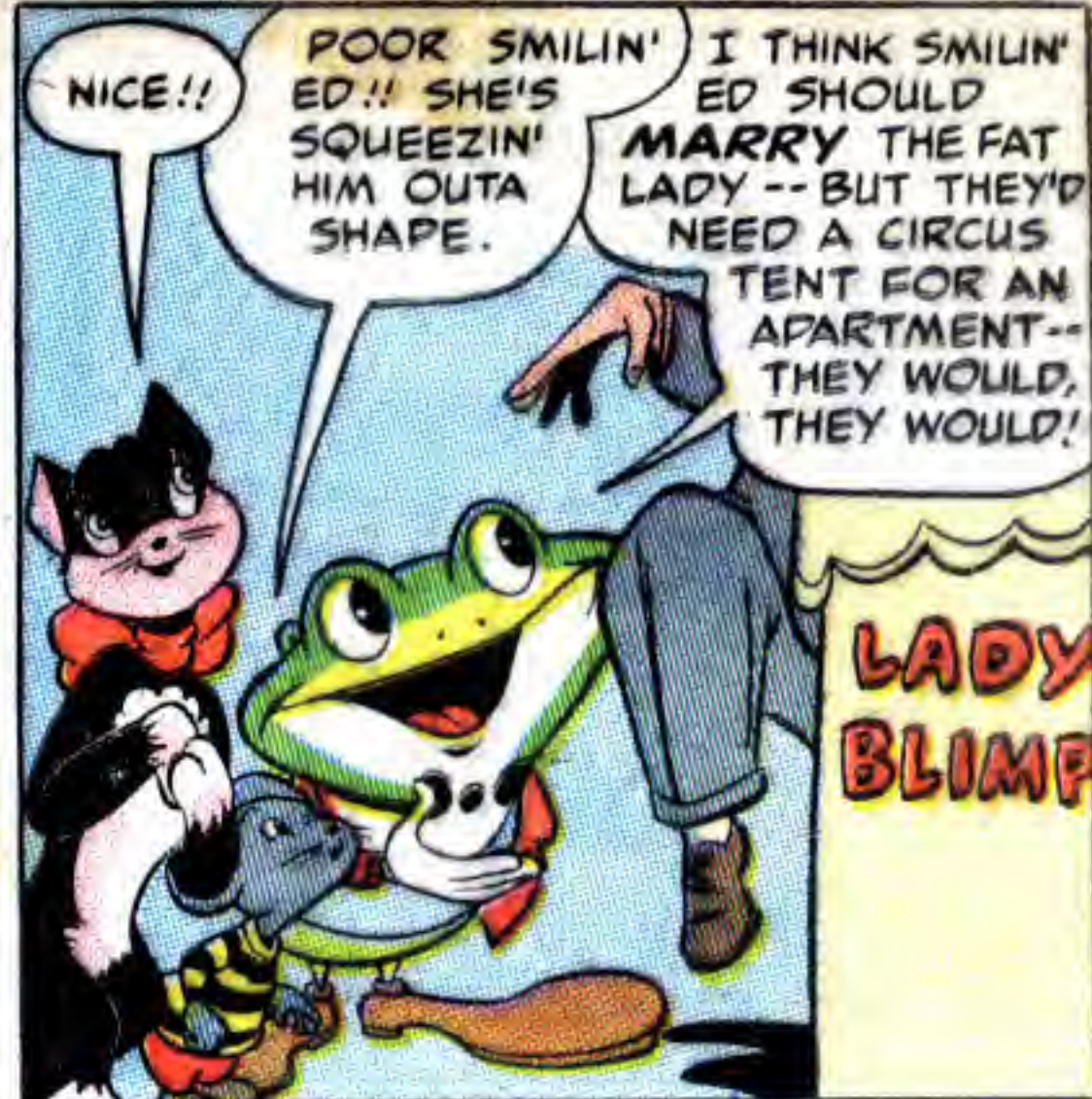






SMILIN' ED, MEET LADY BLIMPO, THE WORLD'S FATTEST WOMAN. SHE WEIGHS EVEN MORE THAN YOU DO!

JOHHH HE'S JUST MY TYPE! EVEN IF HE IS A LITTLE **SKINNY** FOR ME!

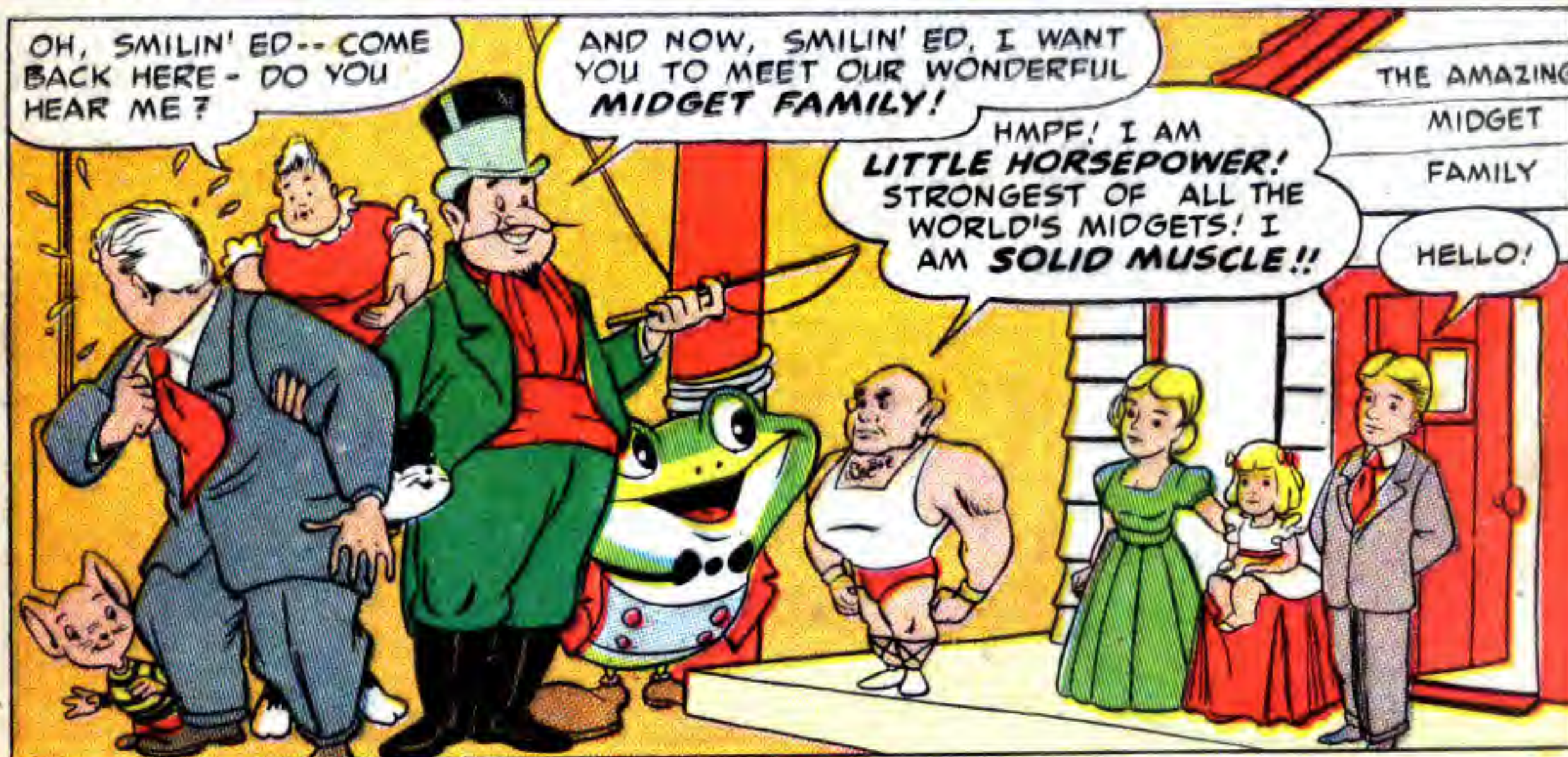


NICE!!

POOR SMILIN' ED!! SHE'S SQUEEZIN' HIM OUTA SHAPE.

I THINK SMILIN' ED SHOULD **MARRY** THE FAT LADY -- BUT THEY'D NEED A CIRCUS TENT FOR AN APARTMENT-- THEY WOULD, THEY WOULD!

**LADY BLIMP**



OH, SMILIN' ED-- COME BACK HERE - DO YOU HEAR ME?

AND NOW, SMILIN' ED, I WANT YOU TO MEET OUR WONDERFUL **MIDGET FAMILY!**

HMPF! I AM **LITTLE HORSEPOWER!** STRONGEST OF ALL THE WORLD'S MIDGETS! I AM **SOLID MUSCLE!!**

THE AMAZING MIDGET FAMILY

HELLO!

THEN, FROGGY THE GREMLIN, GETS ONE OF HIS "IDEAS" AS HE LOOKS AT LITTLE HORSEPOWER...

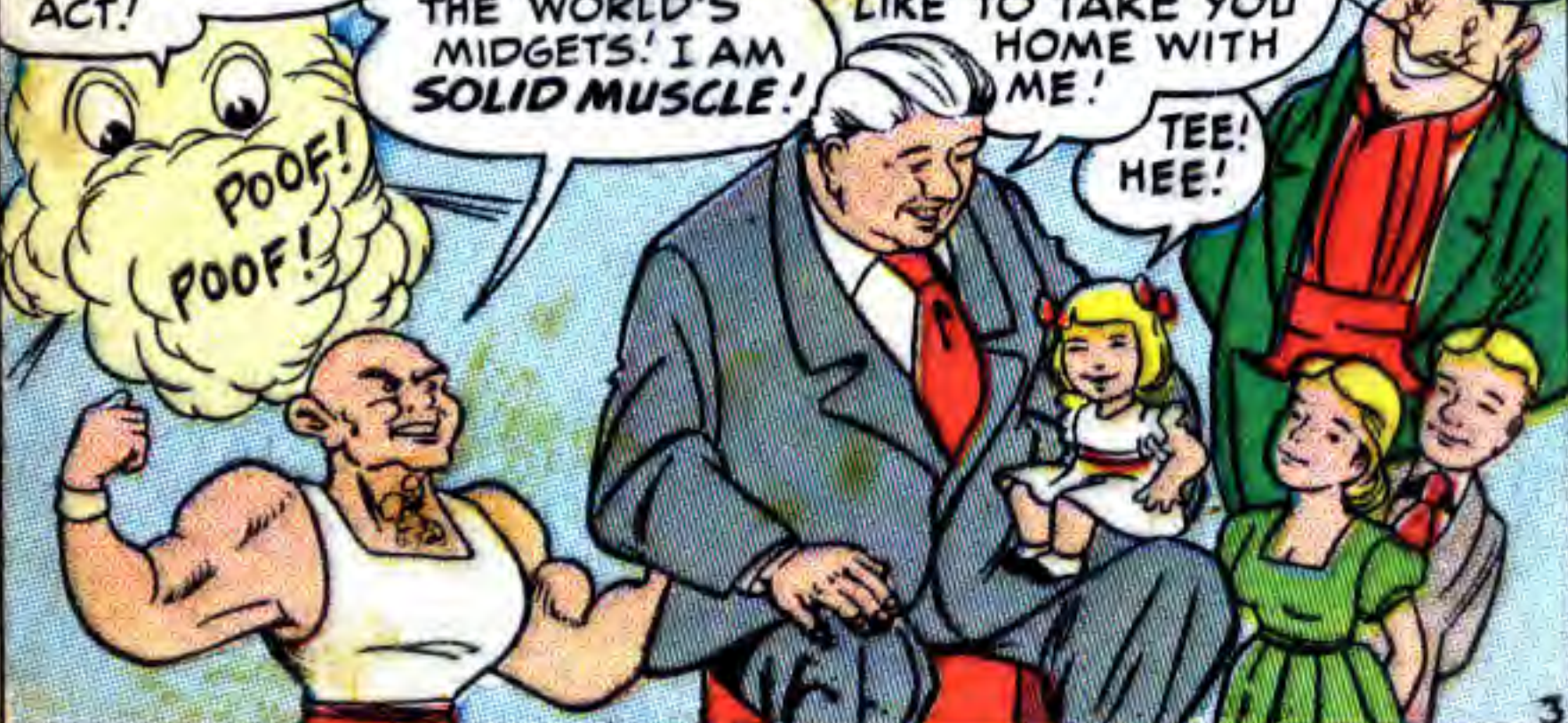
HERE'S WHERE I DO MY **DISAPPEARING ACT!**

HMPF! I AM **LITTLE HORSEPOWER,** STRONGEST OF THE WORLD'S MIDGETS! I AM **SOLID MUSCLE!**

MY! AREN'T YOU THE LOVELY LITTLE PEOPLE! HOW I'D LIKE TO TAKE YOU HOME WITH ME!

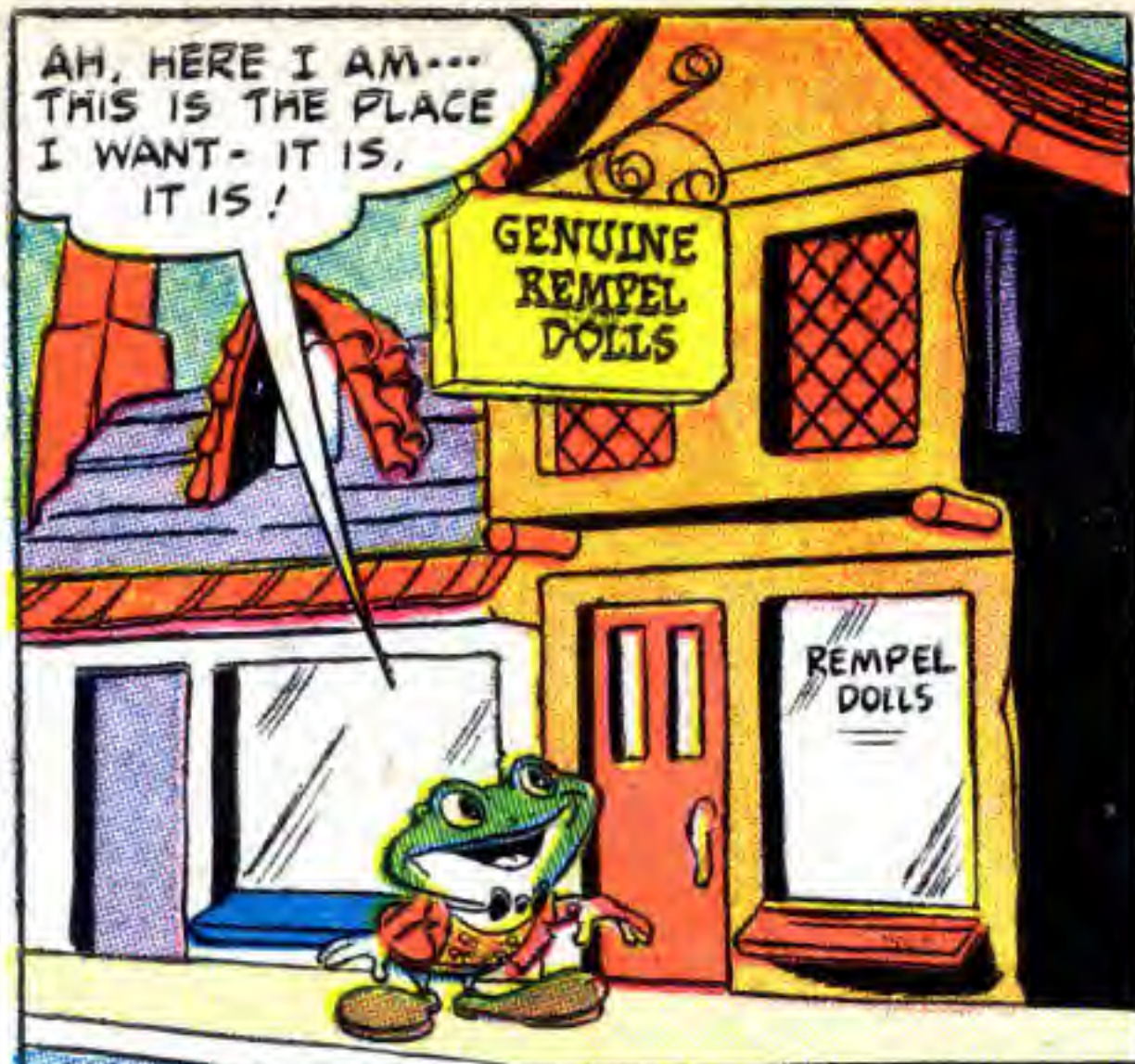
TEE! HEE!

AND WHAT TRICK IS FROGGY THE GREMLIN UP TO NOW? WHY HAS HE DONE HIS FAMILIAR **DISAPPEARING ACT** AT THE SIGHT OF **LITTLE HORSEPOWER,** THE MIDGET STRONG MAN? LET'S FOLLOW HIM...



POOF! POOF!





AH, HERE I AM... THIS IS THE PLACE I WANT - IT IS, IT IS!

GENUINE  
REMPEL  
DOLLS

REMPEL  
DOLLS



MR. REMPEL, YOU'RE A GOOD DOLL-MAKER, SO I WANT YOU TO MAKE ME AN EMPTY RUBBER FROGGY DOLL JUST EXACTLY MY SIZE, AND I WANT A ZIPPER IN THE BACK, SO SOMEBODY CAN WEAR IT...

VERY WELL - I'LL HAVE IT READY IN ABOUT TEN MINUTES, FROGGY!

AND SOON, FROGGY IS BACK AT THE CIRCUS - AND HE CARRIES THE EMPTY RUBBER IMITATION OF HIMSELF...

HO HO - HELLO FUNNY-FACE! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH THAT FUNNY RUBBER SUIT THAT LOOKS **CRAZY** LIKE YOU?

THIS SUIT IS FOR YOU! MR. DAILY SAYS YOU SHOULD PUT IT ON. WE'RE GONNA DO A NEW ACT TOGETHER, WE ARE, WE ARE!



OKAY - I PUT ON CRAZY SUIT, BUT IS VERY SILLY BUSINESS FOR HORSEPOWER, WHO IS STRONGEST OF ALL THE WORLD'S MIDGETS, AND SOLID MUSCLE!

HURRY UP YOU LITTLE BRUTE! THE GANG IS GOING OVER TO THE SNAKE CHARMER'S PLATFORM!



SMILIN' ED, I WANT YOU TO MEET MADAME SERPENTINE, OUR SNAKE CHARMER.

I'M CHARMED WITH THE CHARM OF THIS CHARMER!!

AND LULU, MY PET, IS HAPPY TO MEET YOU TOO, SMILIN' ED. AREN'T YOU, LULU?

OH LOOK - TWO POOR SNAKES IN THIS AWFUL CAGE...





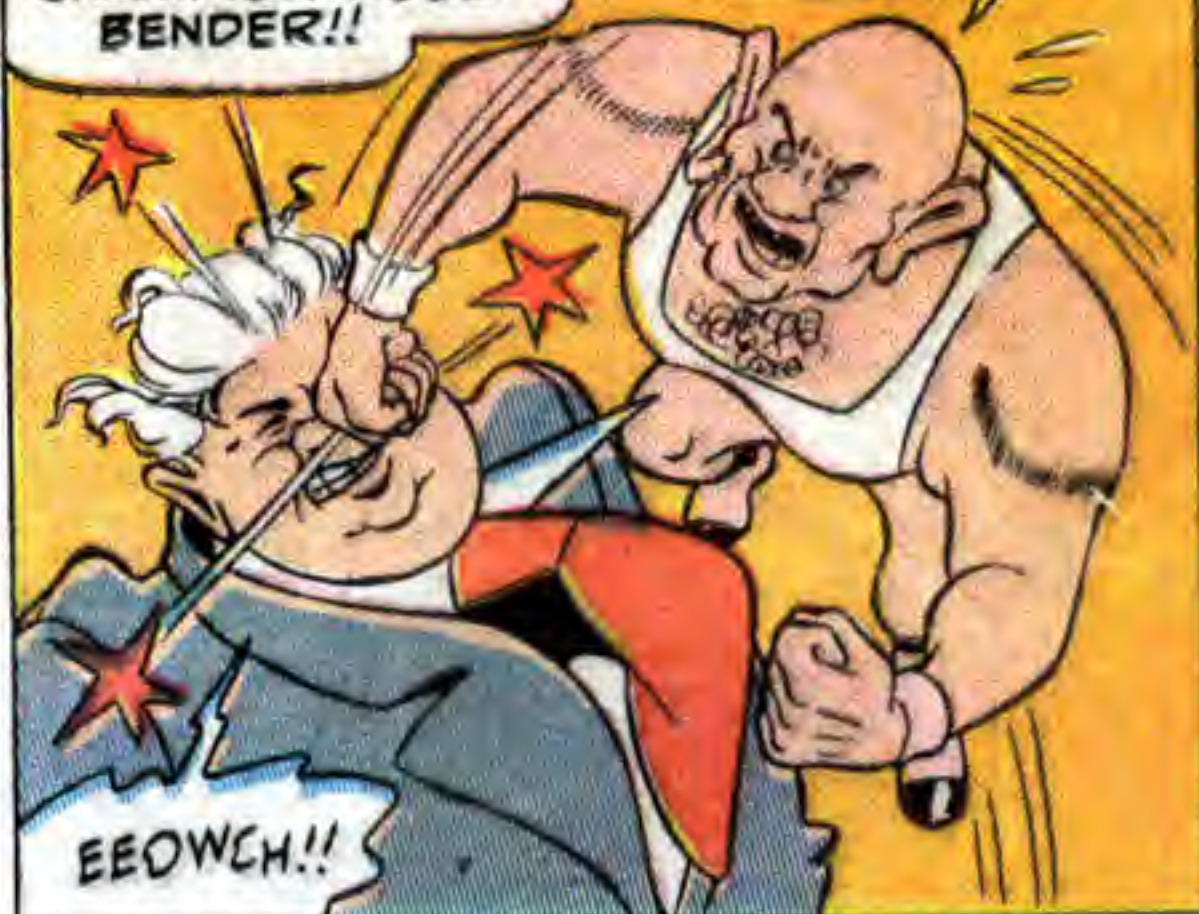




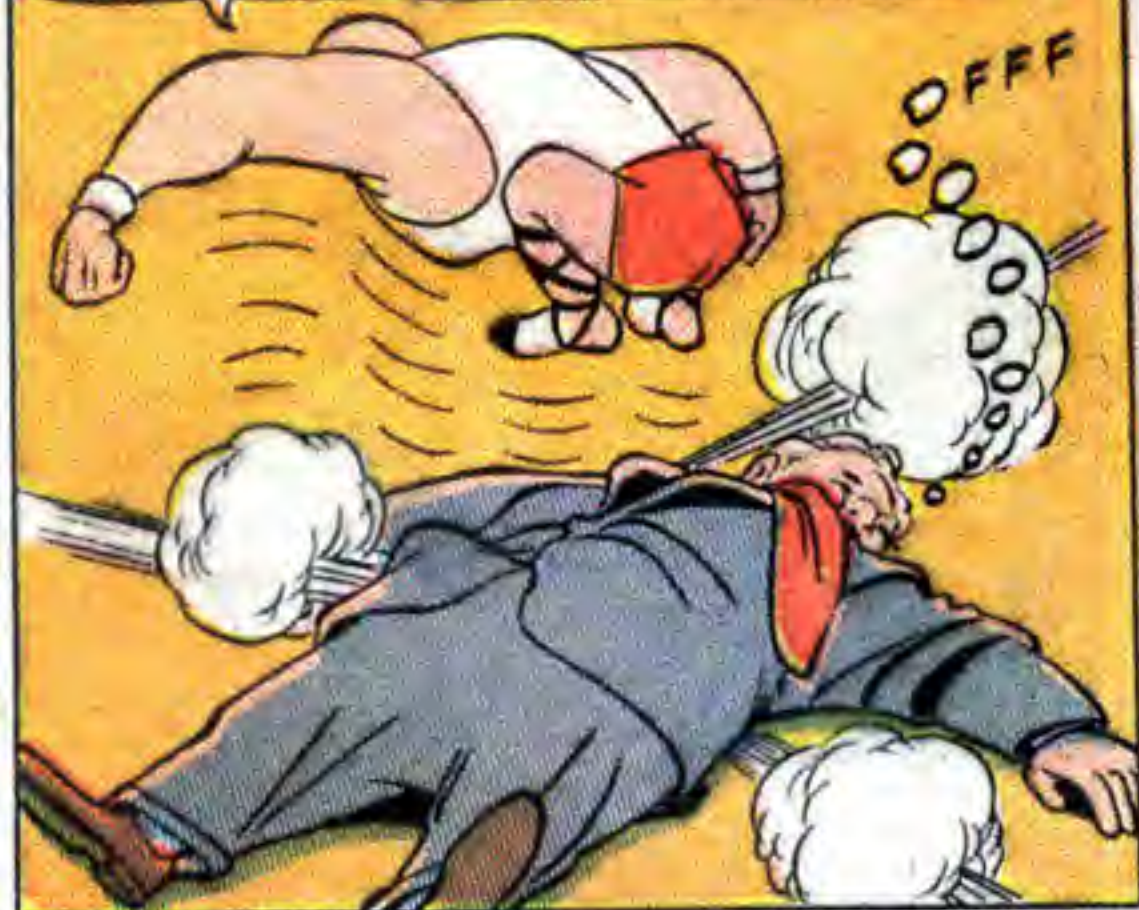
AND IN RAGE LITTLE HORSEPOWER TEARS HIMSELF OUT OF THE FROGGY SUIT!!



I MAKE YOUR FACE ALL OVER AGAIN!! MAYBE I MAKE PRETTIER THIS TIME, YES?? HO! - LITTLE HORSEPOWER IS CHAMPION NOSE BENDER!!



WHEEE!! - THIS IS WONDERFUL FUN AND EXERCISE FOR LITTLE HORSEPOWER... MAYBE JUMPING WILL GIVE ME MUSCLES ON HEELS!



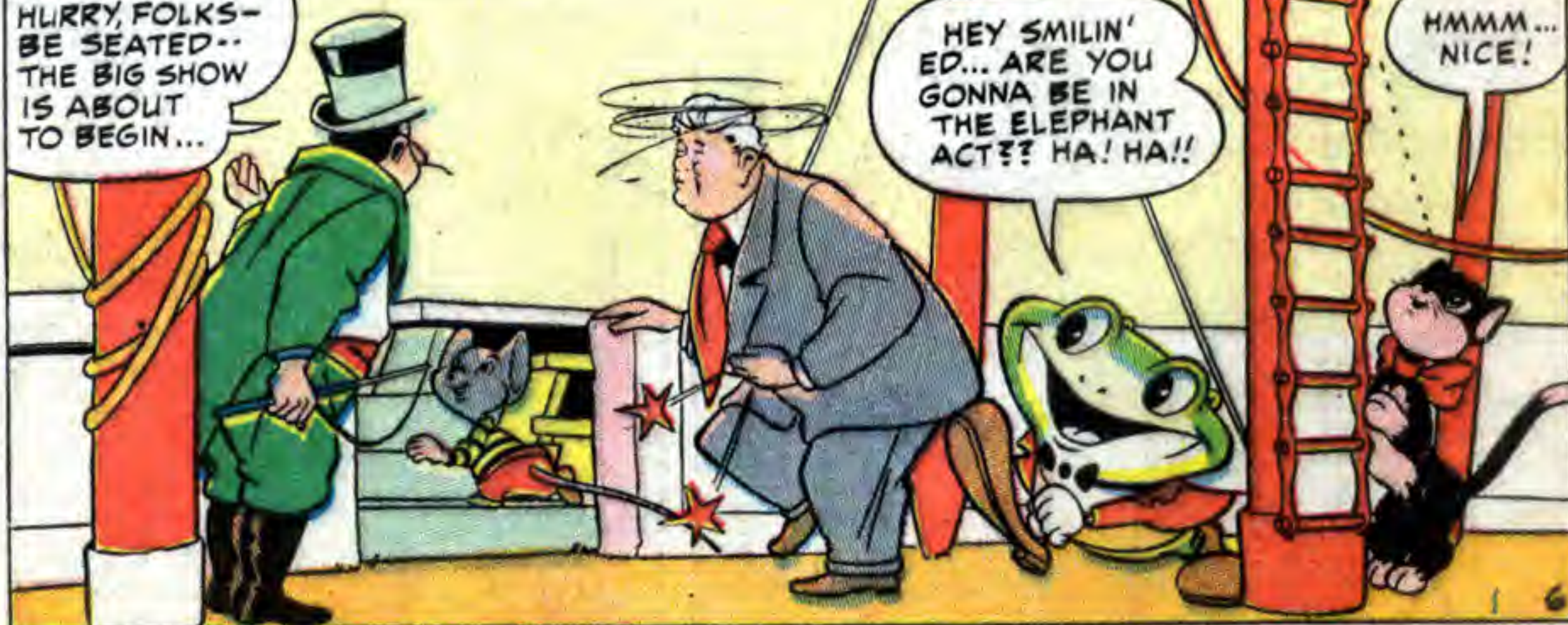
POOR SMILIN' ED!! - I THINK HE'S WORN OUT FROM THE FUN HE'S BEEN HAVING!!

C'MON, POOR SMILIN' ED... WE'LL TAKE YOU INTO THE MAIN TENT TO SEE THE BIG SHOW... YOU CAN'T GET HURT IN THERE...

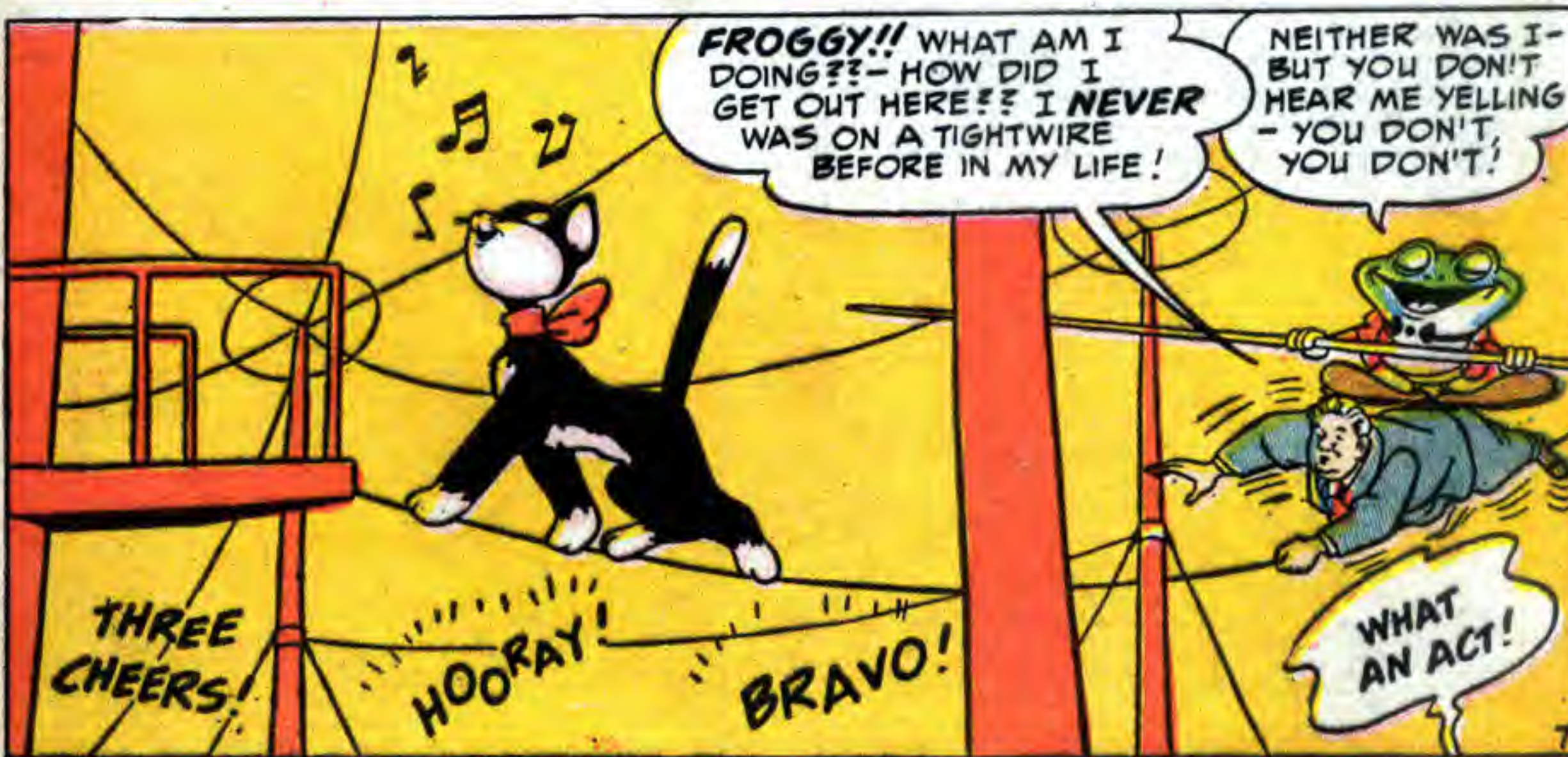
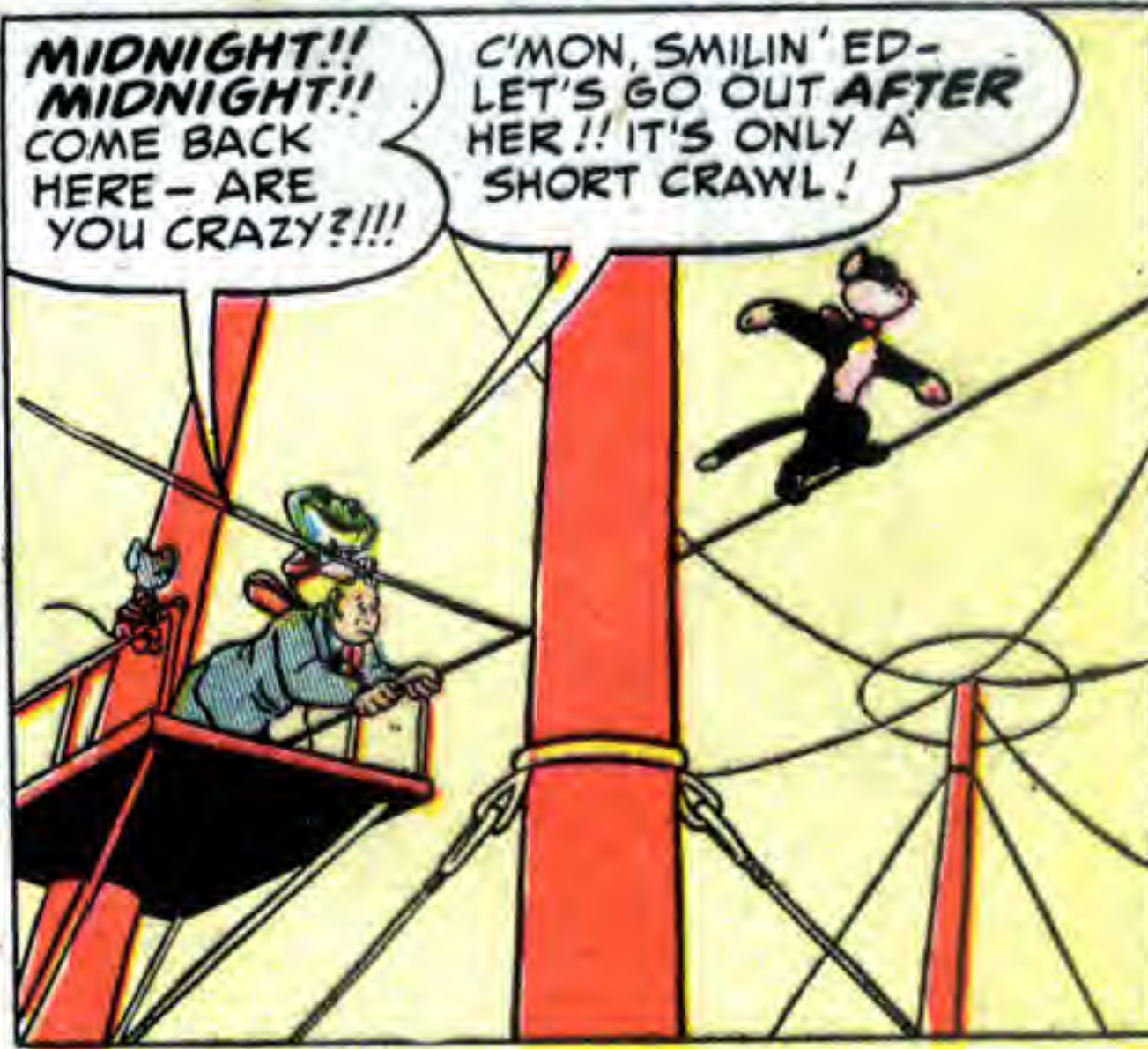


BUT AS THEY GO TOWARD THEIR SEATS IN THE BIG TENT, MIDNIGHT THE CAT DISCOVERS SOMETHING INTERESTING...

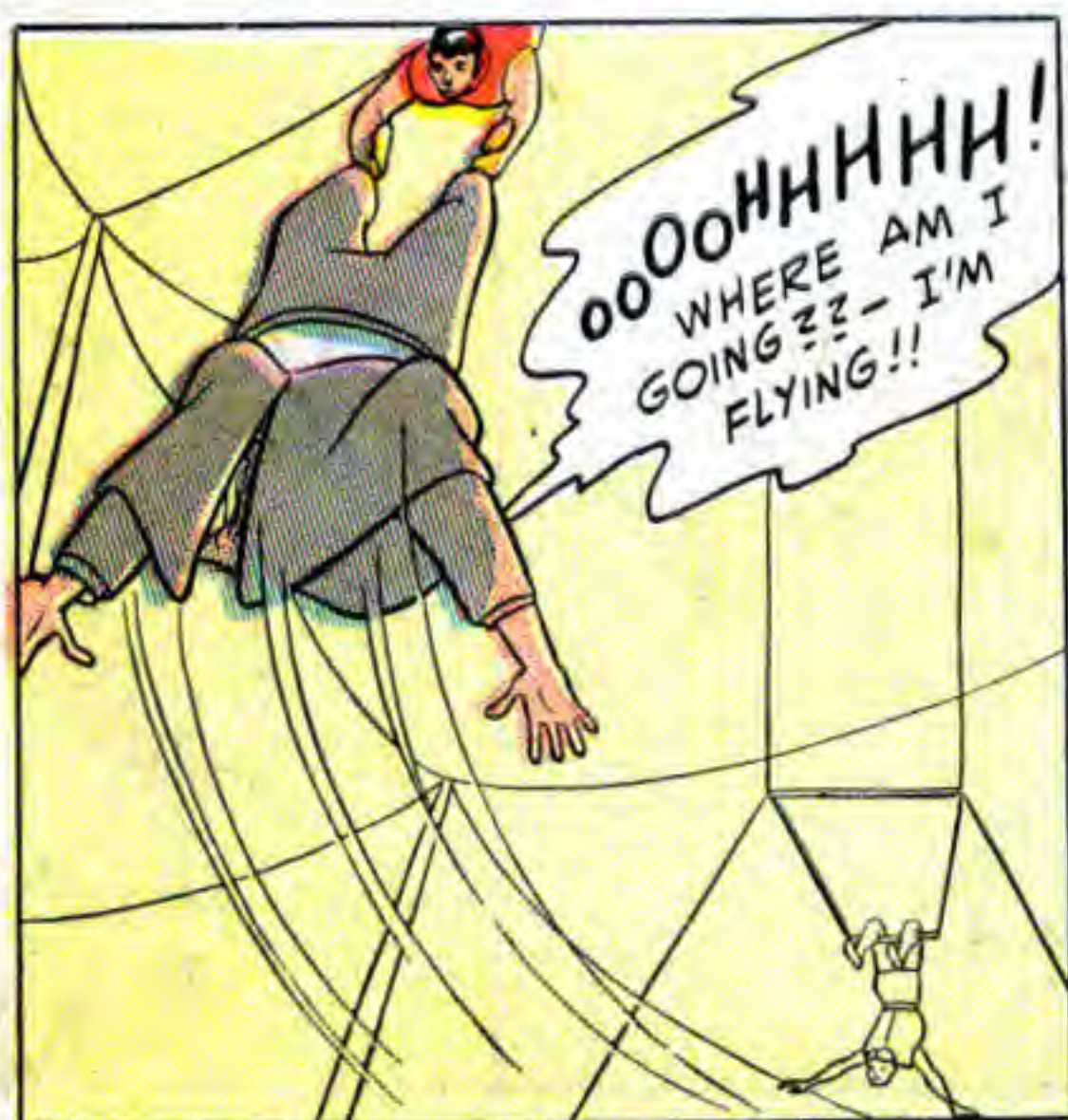
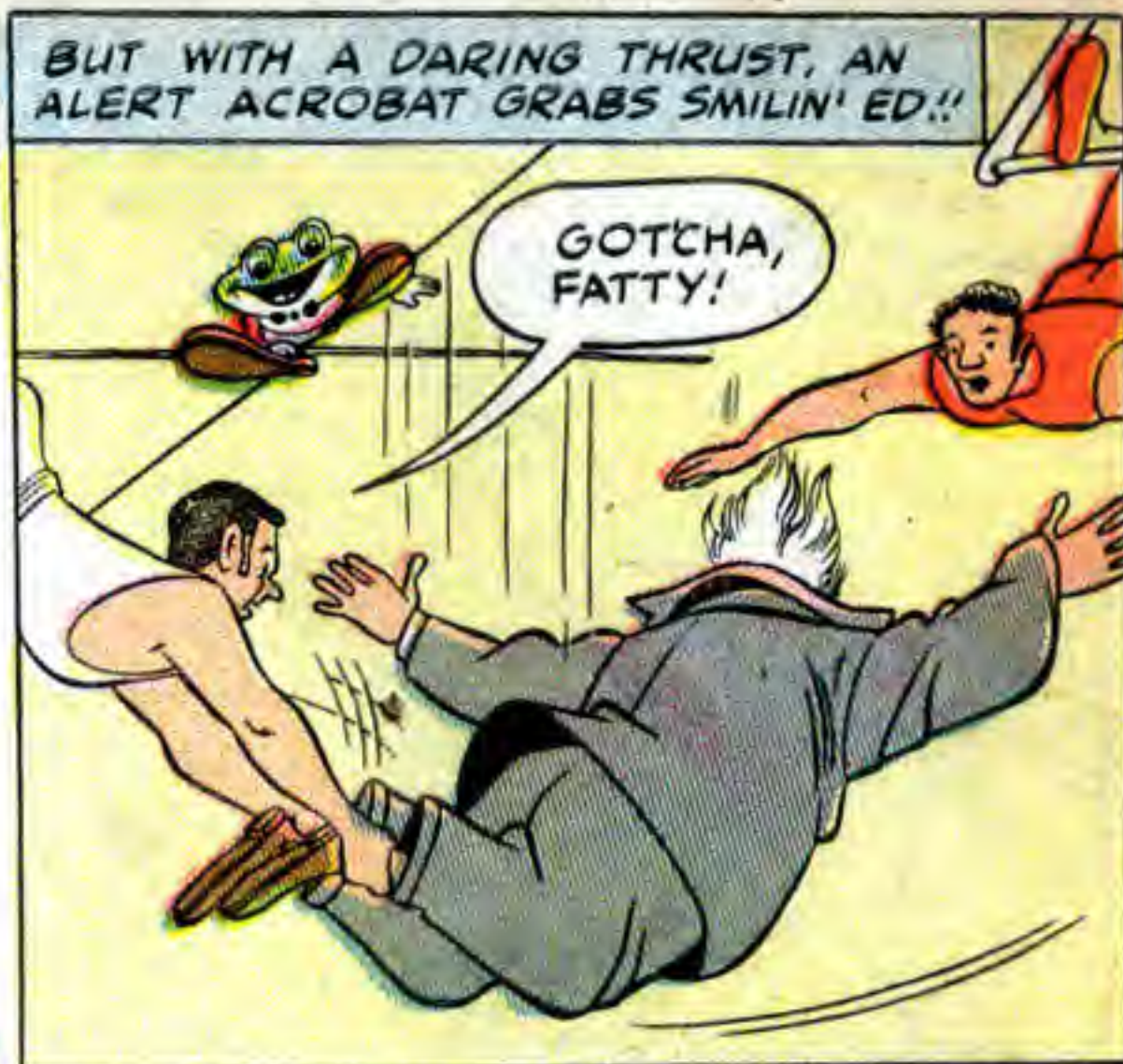
HURRY, FOLKS - BE SEATED - THE BIG SHOW IS ABOUT TO BEGIN...







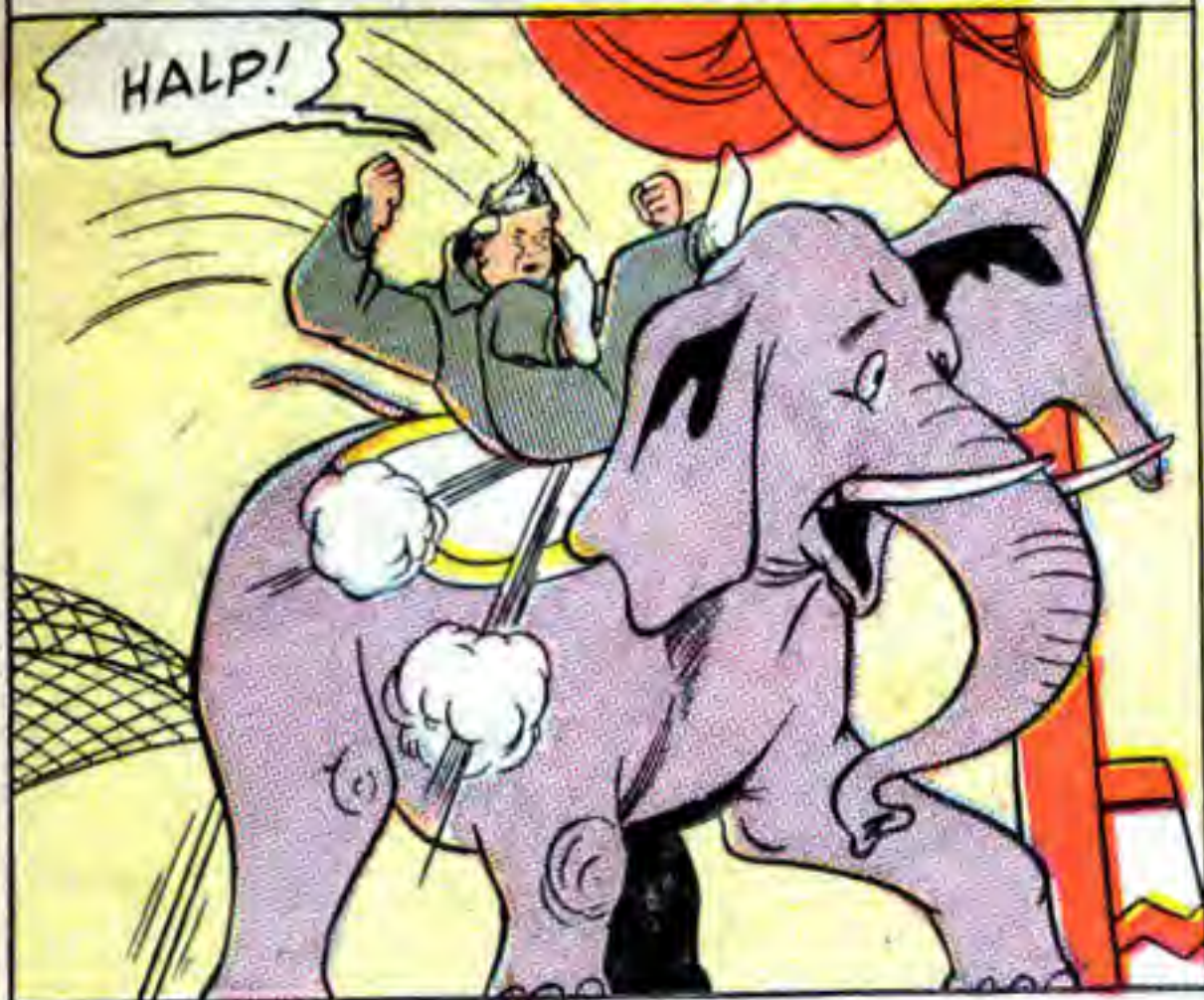




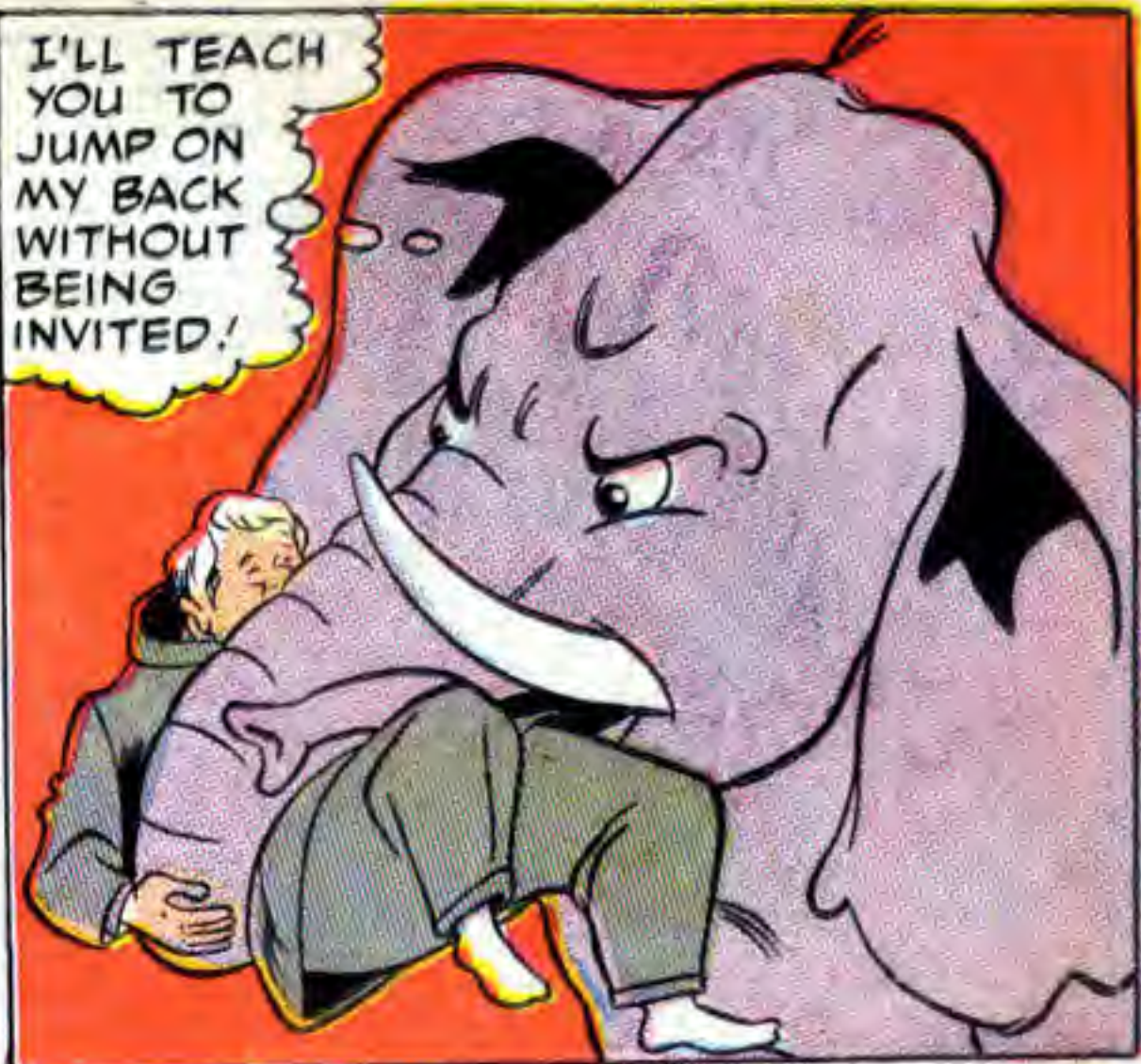


AND SMILIN' ED'S NEXT STOP IS ON THE BACK OF A VERY SURPRISED ELEPHANT!!

HALP!

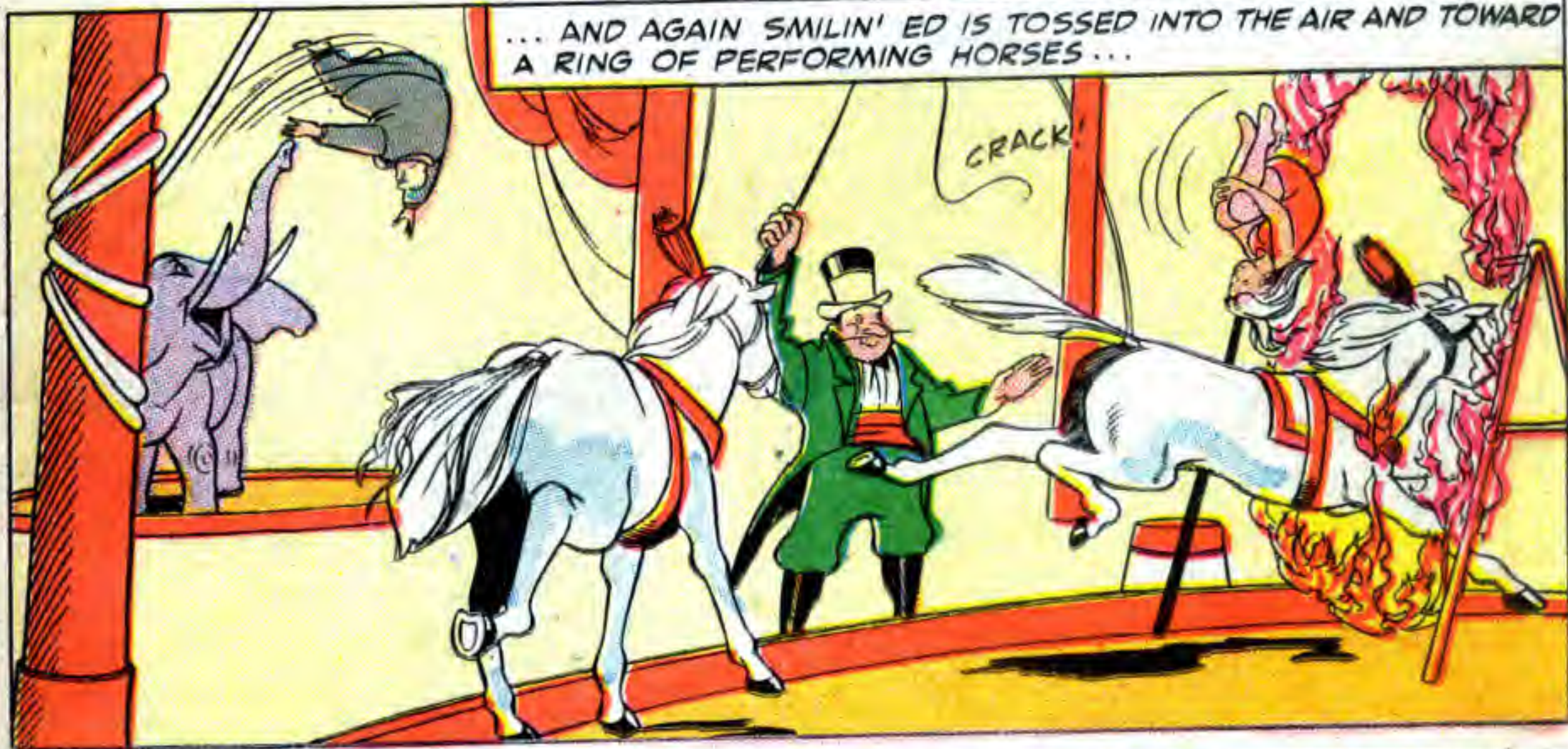


I'LL TEACH YOU TO JUMP ON MY BACK WITHOUT BEING INVITED!



... AND AGAIN SMILIN' ED IS TOSSED INTO THE AIR AND TOWARD A RING OF PERFORMING HORSES ...

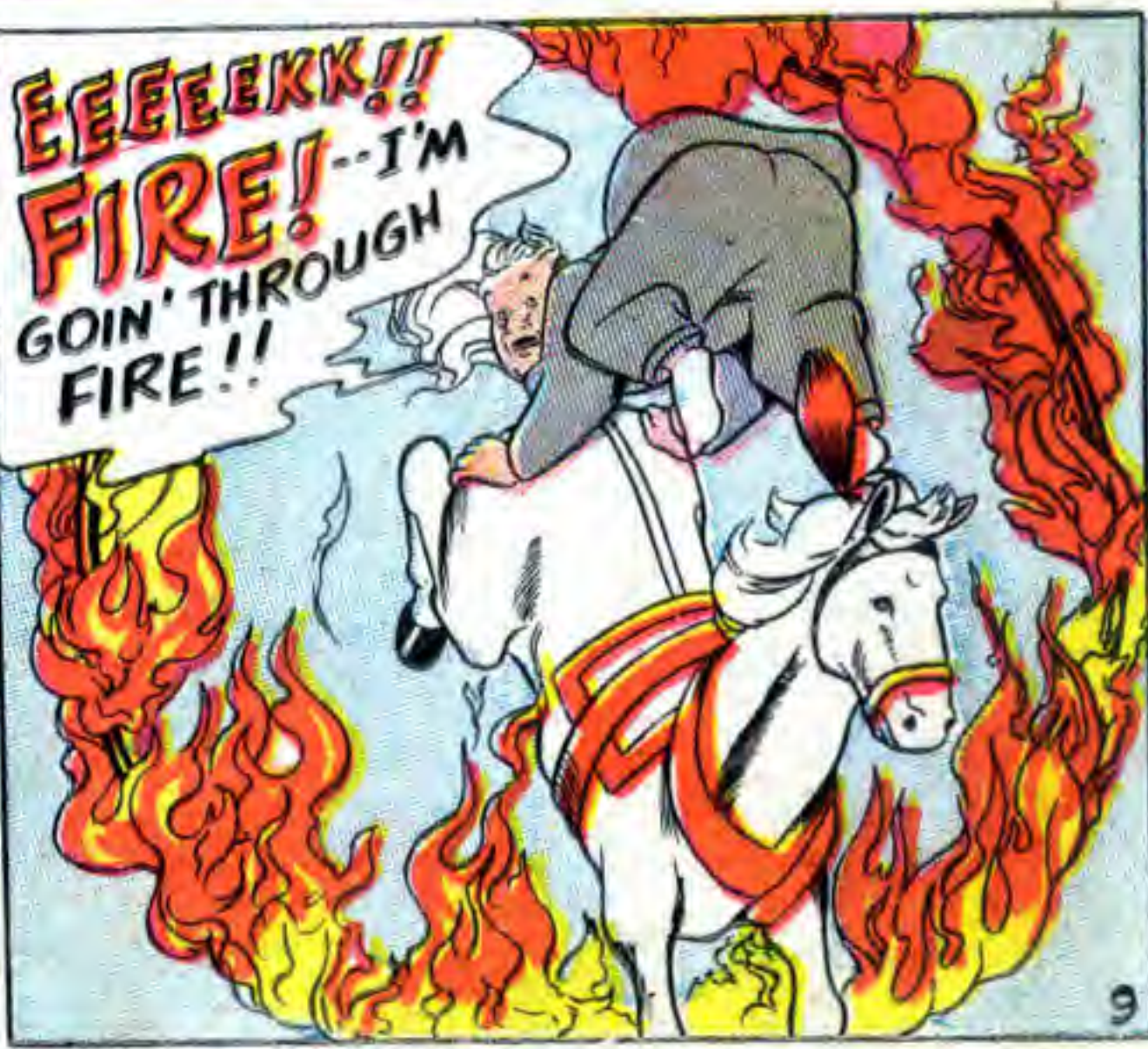
CRACK!



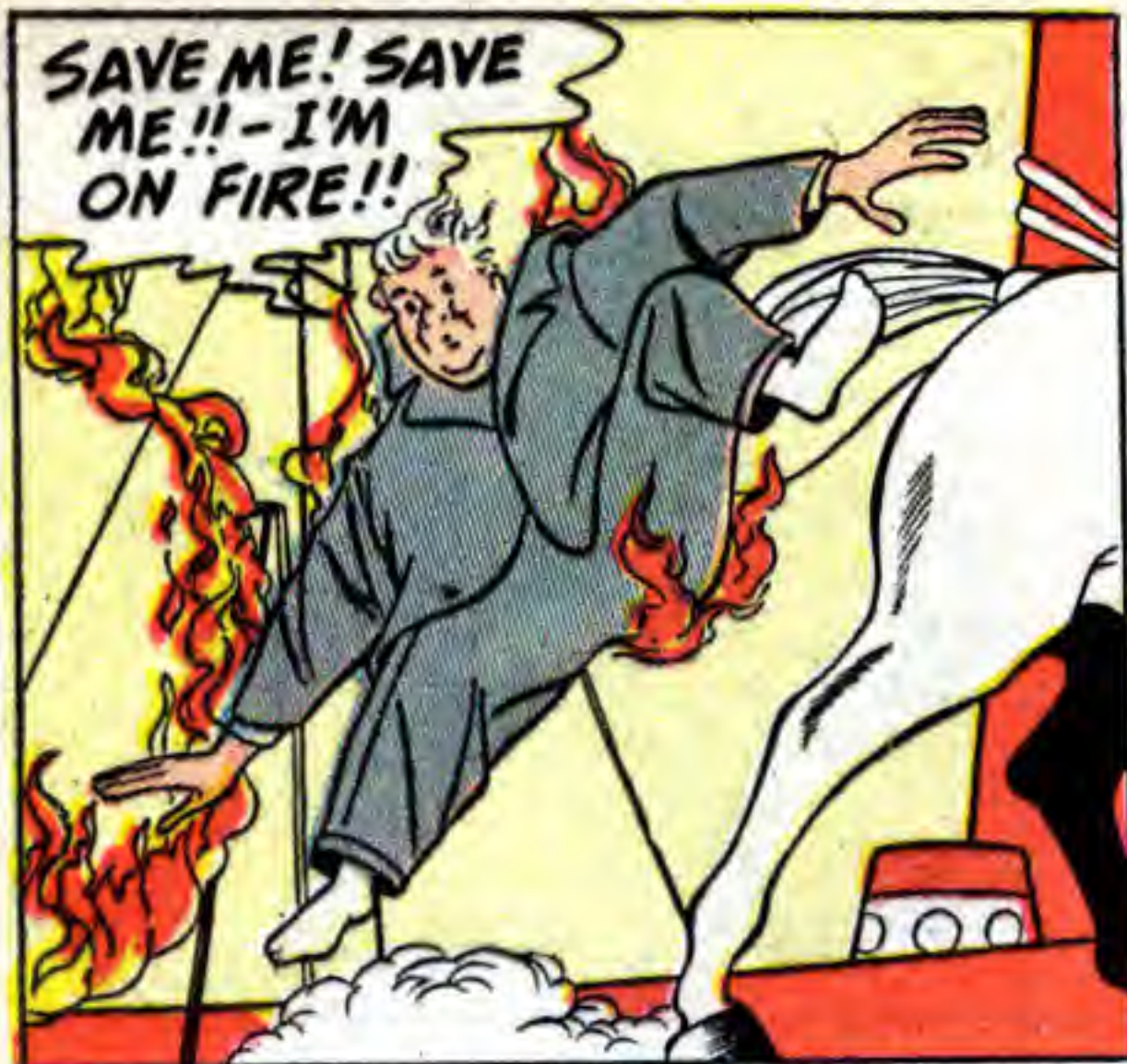
HALP!!  
OH HH--WHERE  
AM I NOW??



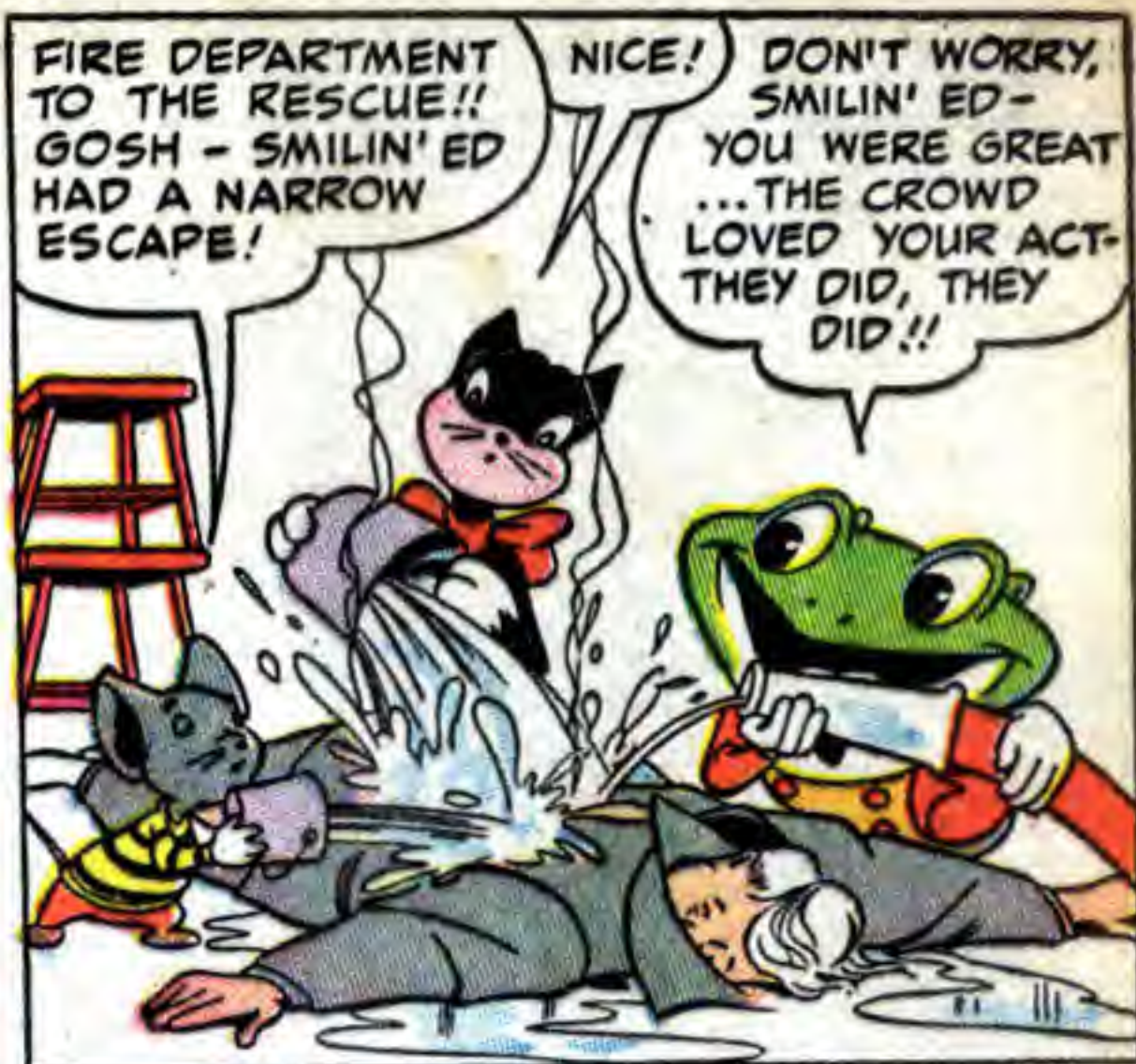
EEEEEEKK!!  
FIRE!!--I'M  
GOIN' THROUGH  
FIRE!!







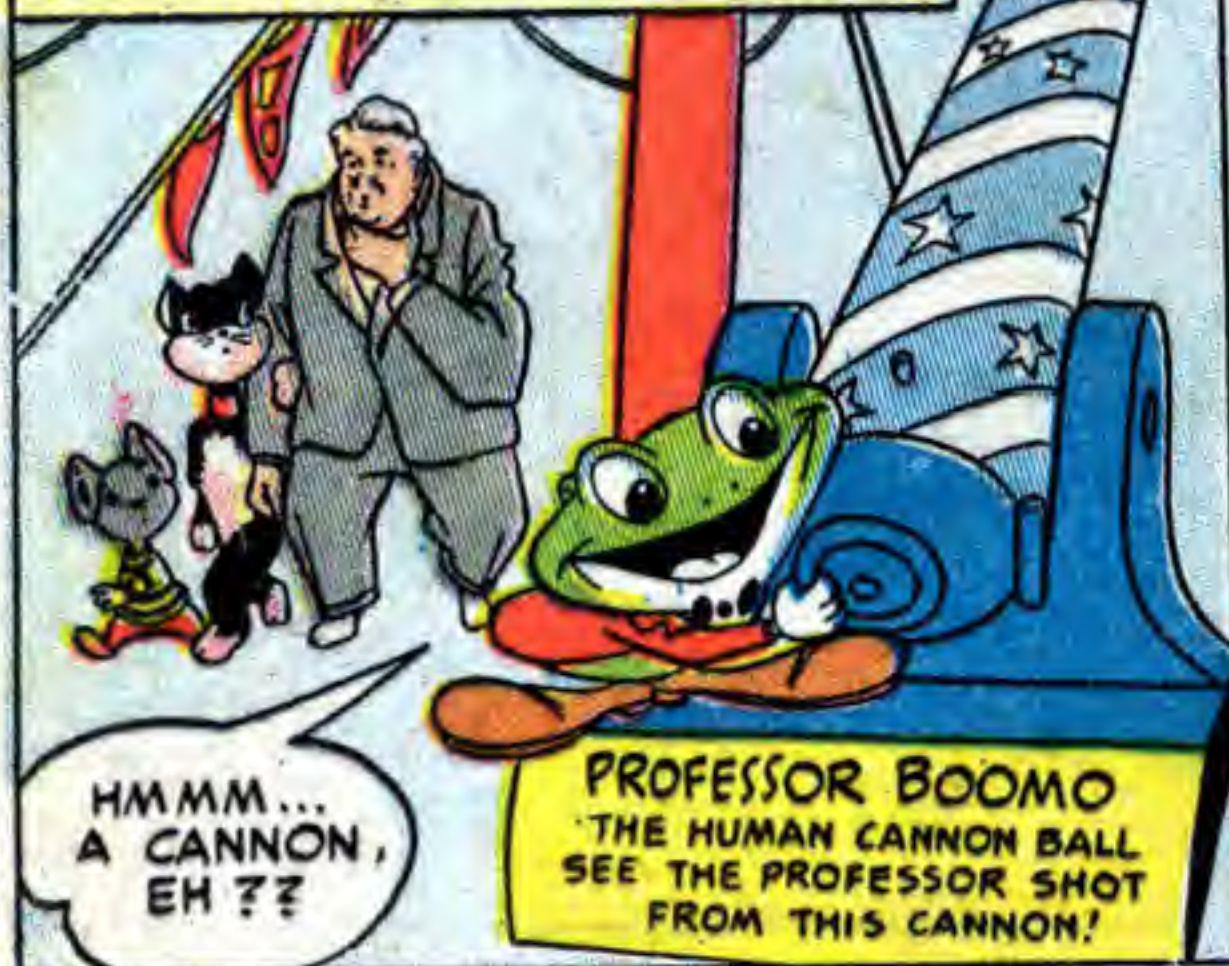
SAVE ME! SAVE ME!! - I'M ON FIRE!!



FIRE DEPARTMENT TO THE RESCUE!! GOSH - SMILIN' ED HAD A NARROW ESCAPE!

NICE! DON'T WORRY, SMILIN' ED - YOU WERE GREAT ...THE CROWD LOVED YOUR ACT- THEY DID, THEY DID!!

AND AS SQUEEKIE AND MIDNIGHT WALK OFF WITH SMILIN' ED, FROGGY'S EYES FALL ON A CANNON...



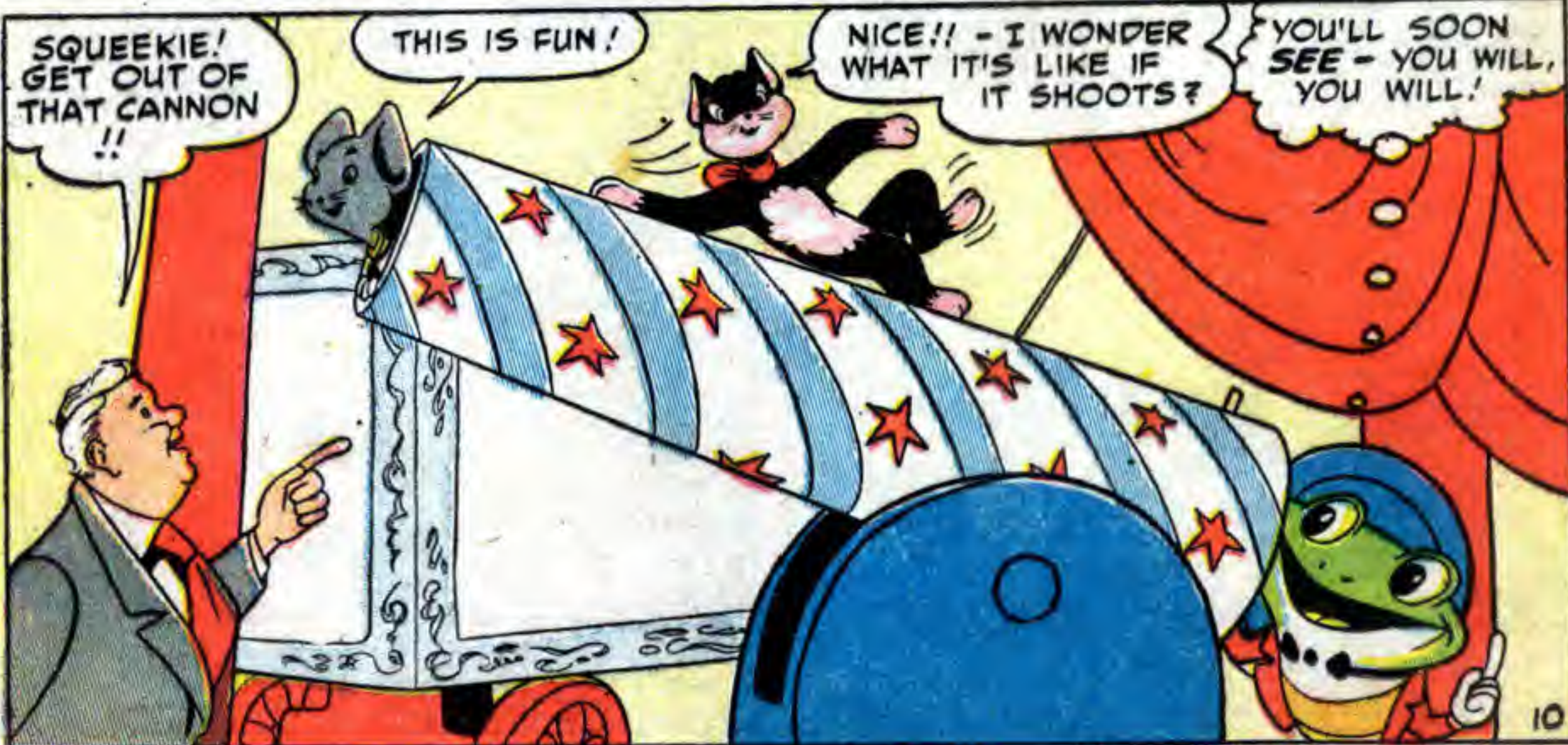
HMMM... A CANNON, EH??

PROFESSOR BOOMO  
THE HUMAN CANNON BALL  
SEE THE PROFESSOR SHOT  
FROM THIS CANNON!



OH - LOOK - FROGGY'S FOOLING WITH THAT CANNON!

NICE!



SQUEEKIE! GET OUT OF THAT CANNON !!

THIS IS FUN!

NICE!! - I WONDER WHAT IT'S LIKE IF IT SHOOTS?

YOU'LL SOON SEE - YOU WILL, YOU WILL!

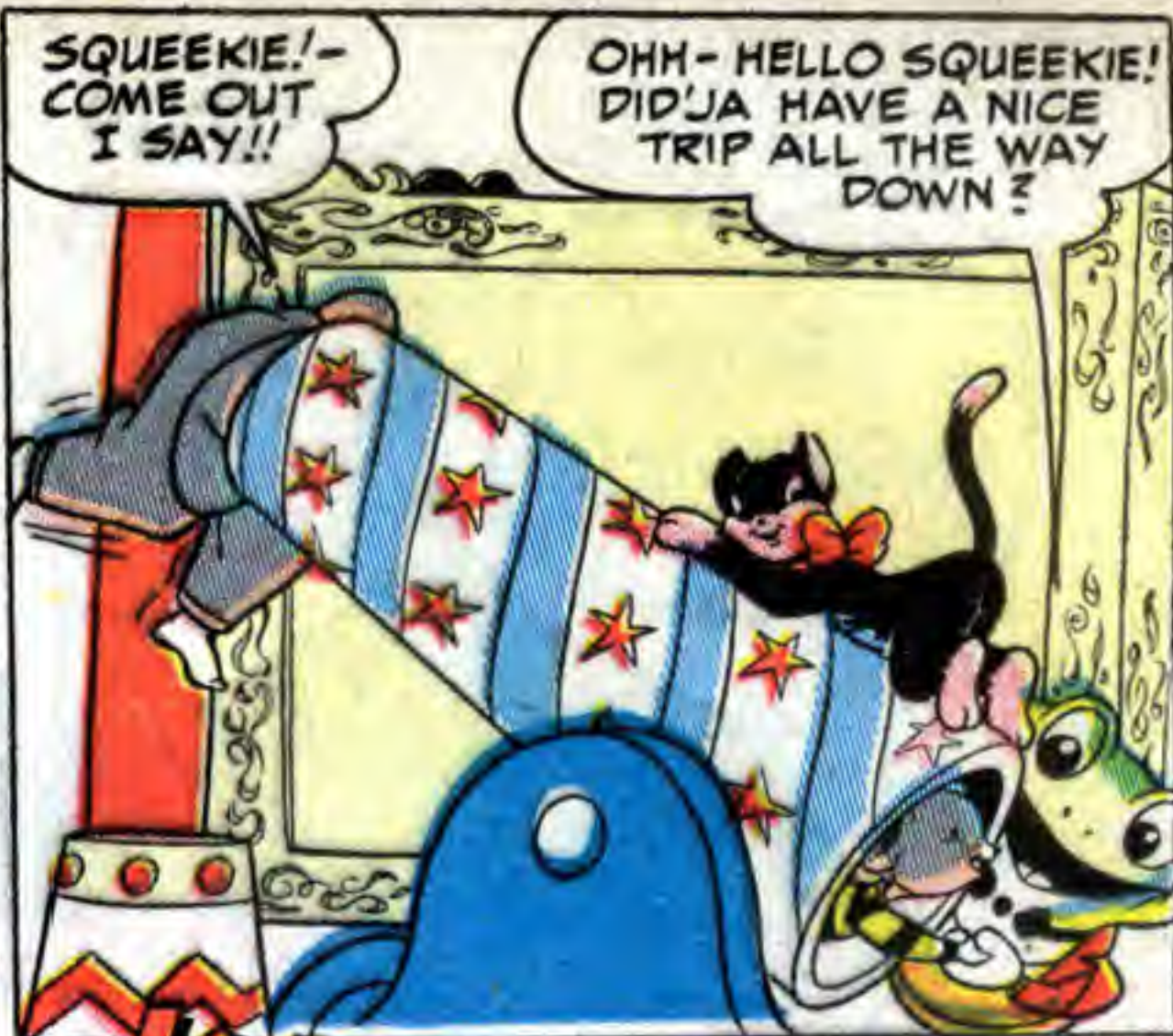


SQUEEKIE! SQUEEKIE!!  
WHERE'D YOU GO?? - OHH -  
YOU'VE SLID DOWN IN!



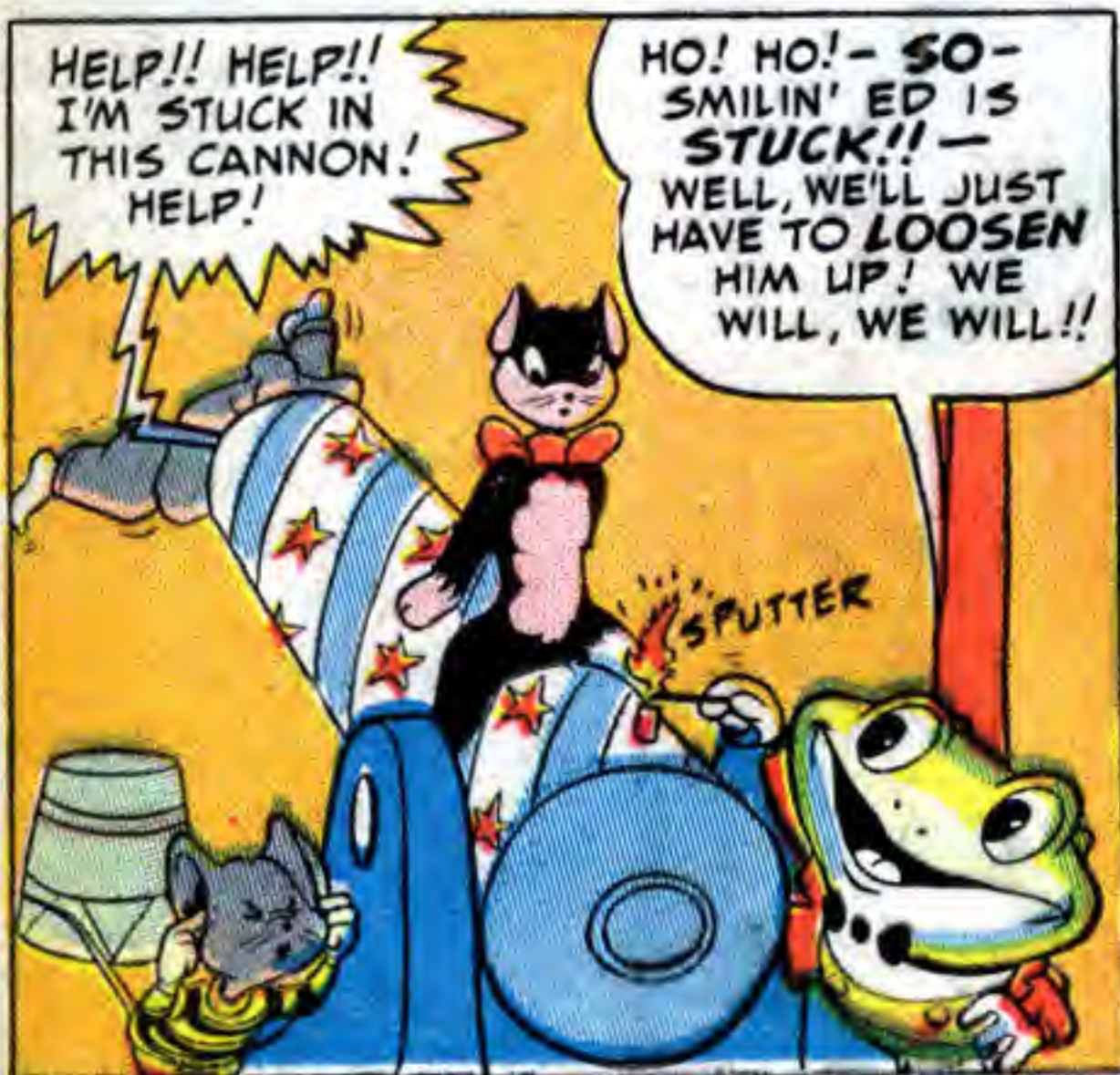
SQUEEKIE! -  
COME OUT  
I SAY!!

OHH - HELLO SQUEEKIE!  
DID'JA HAVE A NICE  
TRIP ALL THE WAY  
DOWN?



HELP!! HELP!!  
I'M STUCK IN  
THIS CANNON!  
HELP!

HO! HO! - SO-  
SMILIN' ED IS  
STUCK!! -  
WELL, WE'LL JUST  
HAVE TO LOOSEN  
HIM UP! WE  
WILL, WE WILL!!



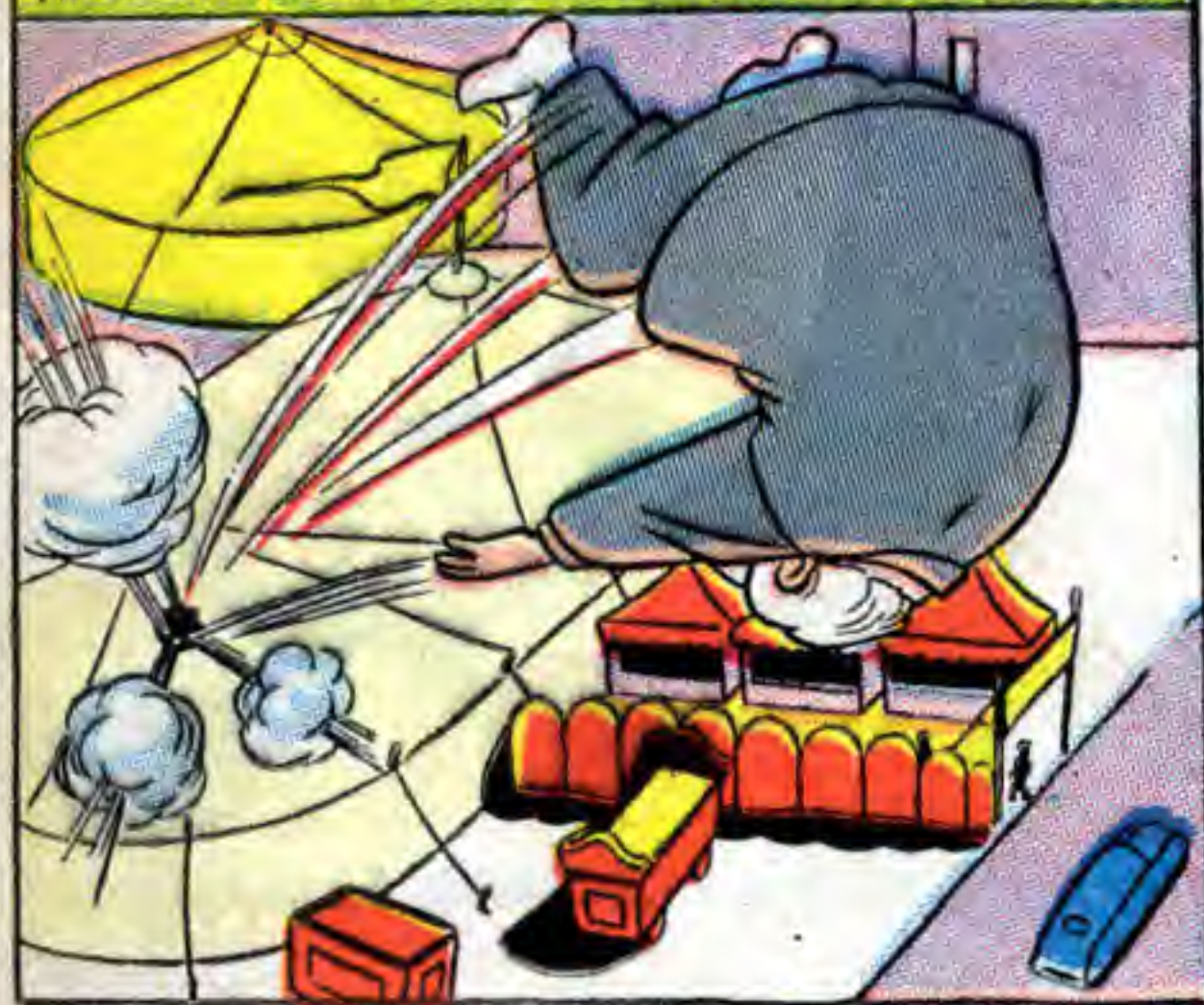
KABOOM!

NICE!

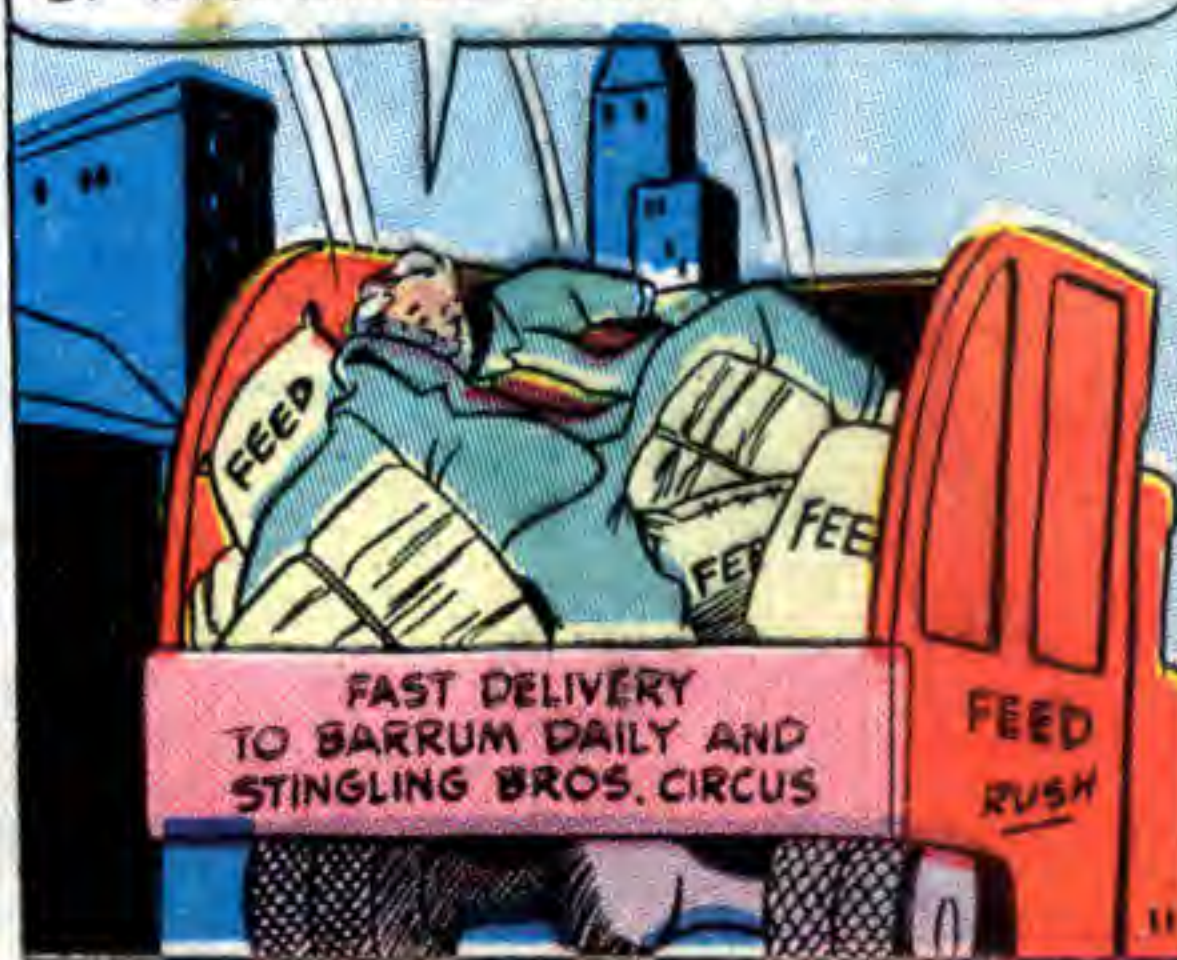
HA!  
HA!  
HA!



AND ONCE AGAIN POOR SMILIN' ED FLIES  
THROUGH THE AIR WITH THE GRACE OF A WHALE!



OHhh... MY BACK.. MY LEGS... AM I ALL  
IN ONE PIECE? ... ANYWAY-- THANK  
GOODNESS - I WON'T SEE ANYMORE  
OF THAT AWFUL BARRUM DAILY CIRCUS!!





**BUDDIES!  
SWEETHEARTS!**

**"HERE'S HOW TO GET  
YOUR OFFICIAL  
BUSTER BROWN  
NECKERCHIEF!"**



"Here's how this neckerchief looks when you unfold it. It's *big*—22 x 24 inches. And what colors! Orange and green and brown. See the picture of Buster and Tige, Froggy, Squeekie, Grandy and Midnight! And, oh yes—I'm there, too. Right in the middle.

"Remember, this neckerchief is for you Buster Brown Gang members *only*. It's exclusive!"

**IT IS!  
IT IS!**

**NICE!  
NICE!**





"Think of the fun—and how proud you'll be—to wear one of these neckerchiefs and show the crowd in your neighborhood that you really belong to my big, lively Buster Brown Gang. My buddies can wear theirs Western style or Boy Scout style. And my sweethearts can wear theirs as babushkas!"

This colorful neckerchief would cost you 80¢ or more if it were sold in a store. But you don't have to pay 80¢—no sir! You can have both the neckerchief and the clip, mailed right to your house, for only 25¢!

"THIS IS THE GLEAMING GOLD-COLORED METAL CLIP THAT COMES WITH EVERY NECKERCHIEF TO HOLD IT IN PLACE WHEN YOU WEAR IT."



## HOW TO GET YOUR NECKERCHIEF

1. Fill out the coupon on the inside back cover.
2. Attach one quarter (25¢) in coin
3. Mail to Smilin' Ed McConnell  
P. O. Box 3355  
St. Louis 3, Missouri

And your neckerchief will be sent right away!

*Smilin' Ed McConnell*





# The SULTAN'S RUBY

BABA, WE ARE INDEED HONORED THAT THE SULTAN OF SULEEM HAS SELECTED ONE OF OUR GREAT HORSES OF THE **TUAREG BREED** TO CARRY HIS MESSENGER ON THIS MISSION OF SUCH GREAT IMPORTANCE!

YES, FATHER, THE WHOLE DESERT KNOWS THAT OUR TUAREG HORSES ARE THE BEST-AND NONE IS GREATER THAN MY OWN JA-MI-LI!

AND WHAT IS THIS GREAT MISSION FOR WHICH JA-MI-LI IS BEING USED?



BABA, SON OF THE DESERT CHIEFTAIN, ALI BEN FOUSSA STANDS BESIDE HIS FINE ARABIAN HORSE, JA-MI-LI, AND HE SPEAKS WITH HIS MOTHER AND FATHER ...



THE SULTAN HAS PURCHASED A GREAT AND VALUABLE RUBY TO WEAR ON HIS TURBAN ON STATE OCCASIONS AND HE SENDS A MESSENGER ON OUR FAST JA-MI-LI TO BRING THE RUBY TO HIS PALACE.

HE IS SENDING ONLY ONE MAN?

IT SEEMS THAT SUCH A PRIZE SHOULD HAVE SEVERAL GUARDS.



VERY WELL, FATHER, IF THE SULTAN FEELS THAT NO GUARD IS NECESSARY AND THAT THE BEST PROTECTION HE CAN GIVE HIS PRECIOUS RUBY IS TO HAVE IT CARRIED ON THE SPEEDIEST HORSE, THEN JA-MI-LI WILL PROVE WORTHY OF THE HONOR IN EVERY WAY.

AWAY, JA-MI-LI! WE ARE OFF!

GOOD LUCK, MY SON, AND I ONLY REGRET THAT THE HONOR WILL NOT BE YOURS, TO RIDE AS THE SULTAN'S MESSENGER!



MEANWHILE, AT A SPOT SOME DISTANCE OFF IN THE DESERT, HASSIM, A TREACHEROUS BEDOUIN, SPEAKS WITH HIS RENEGADE HENCHMAN, BAALID.

BAALID, THERE IS VERY LITTLE GOLD LEFT IN OUR MONEY BAGS. BUT SOON WE CAN PUT OUR HANDS ON A GREAT TREASURE THAT IS ABOUT TO CROSS THE DESERT.

BUT HASSIM, YOU MEAN THAT WE SHOULD TRY TO STEAL THE SULTAN'S GRAND RUBY? THAT WOULD BE TOO DARING AND BESIDES, WE HAVE NO HORSE THAT COULD CATCH THE FAST JA-MI-LI OF THE TUAREGS.



AH, BUT THERE IS A HORSE THAT CAN CATCH JA-MI-LI! IT IS HER OWN FATHER, THE GREAT WHITE STALLION, THAT IS ALSO OWNED BY THE TUAREG BOY, BABA. I HAPPEN TO KNOW THE SPEED OF THIS STALLION THEY CALL SHEIK.

MAYBE SO, HASSIM, BUT WE DO NOT HAVE THE STALLION. DO YOU MEAN THAT WE MIGHT STEAL HIM FROM THE TUAREGS?



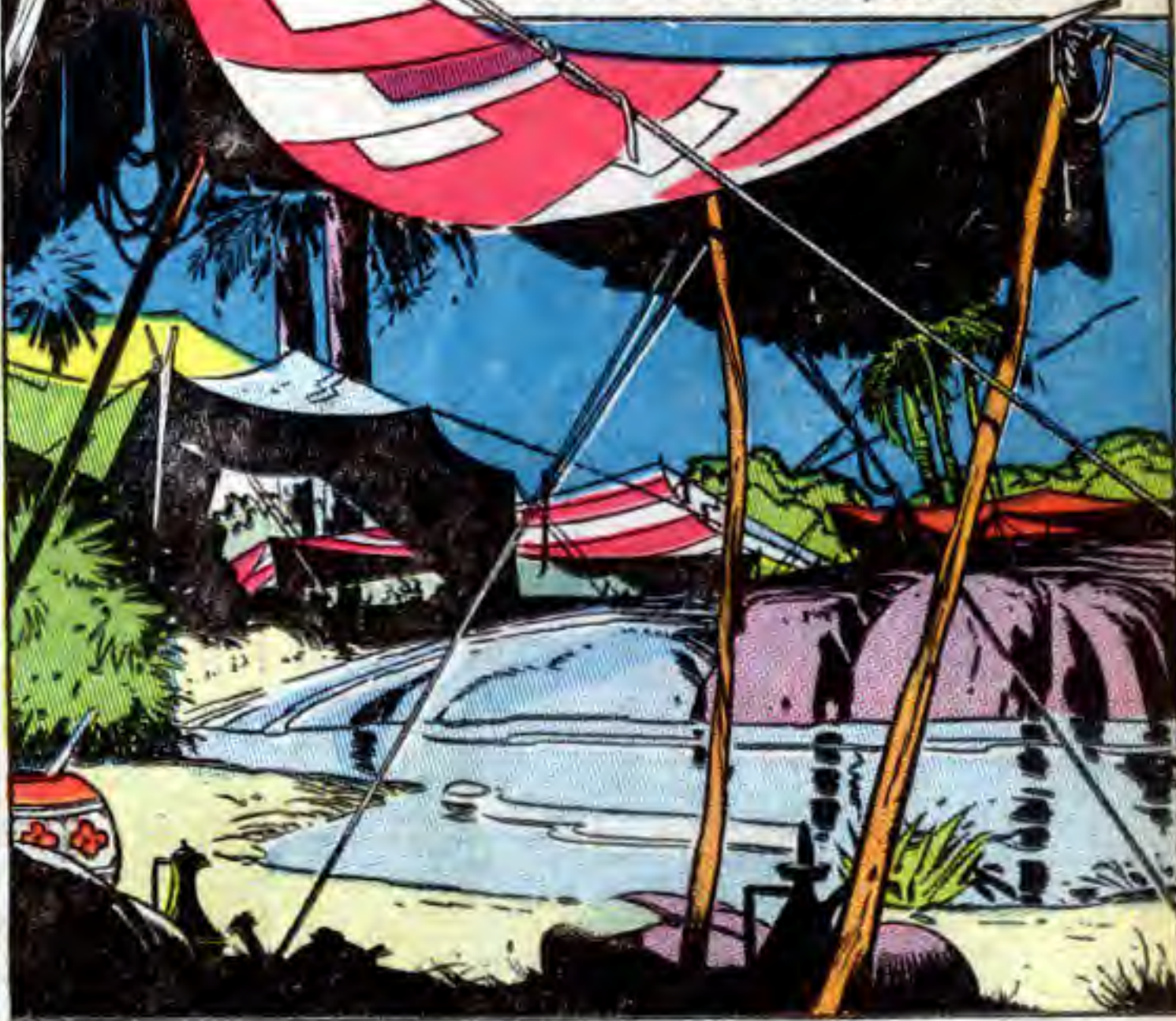


COME, BAALID, WE HAVE WORK TO DO. GET TWO MEN AND HORSES. WE GO TO THE TUAREG CAMP TONIGHT.

I WONDER IF YOUR TRICK WILL WORK?



SITUATED IN A LOVELY OASIS WITH A PLENTIFUL SUPPLY OF SPRING WATER, THE TUAREG CAMP PROVIDED IDEAL GRAZING GROUNDS FOR THE HORSES AND CAMELS. CONFIDENT THAT THE ANIMALS WOULDN'T STRAY FROM SUCH FINE PASTURAGE, THE TUAREGS TURNED THEM LOOSE - AND AMONG THE HORSES WAS BABA'S GREAT WHITE STALLION, SHEIK.



WELL, JA-MI-LI, THAT WAS A FINE GALLOP WE HAD - NOW EAT AND REST THIS NIGHT FOR TOMORROW WE WILL BE OFF TO THE SULTAN ACROSS THE DESERT.



THERE IS OLD SHEIK, THE GREAT WHITE STALLION, GRAZING WITH THE REST. IF ANY HORSE CAN RUN WITH THE SPEED OF JA-MI-LI, IT IS SHEIK.

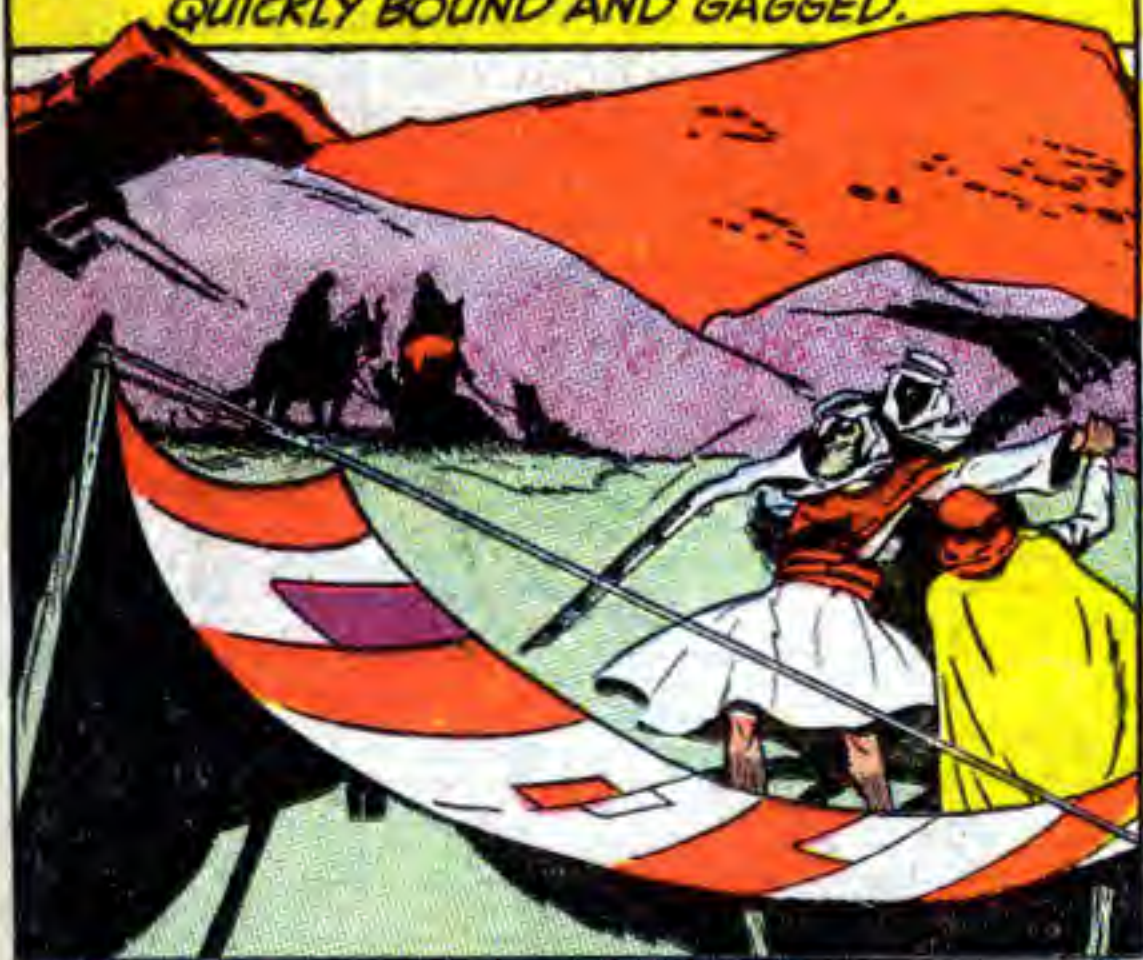


AND IN THE STILLNESS OF THE NIGHT THE ANIMALS GRAZE QUIETLY UNDER THE WATCHFUL EYE OF A GUARD.

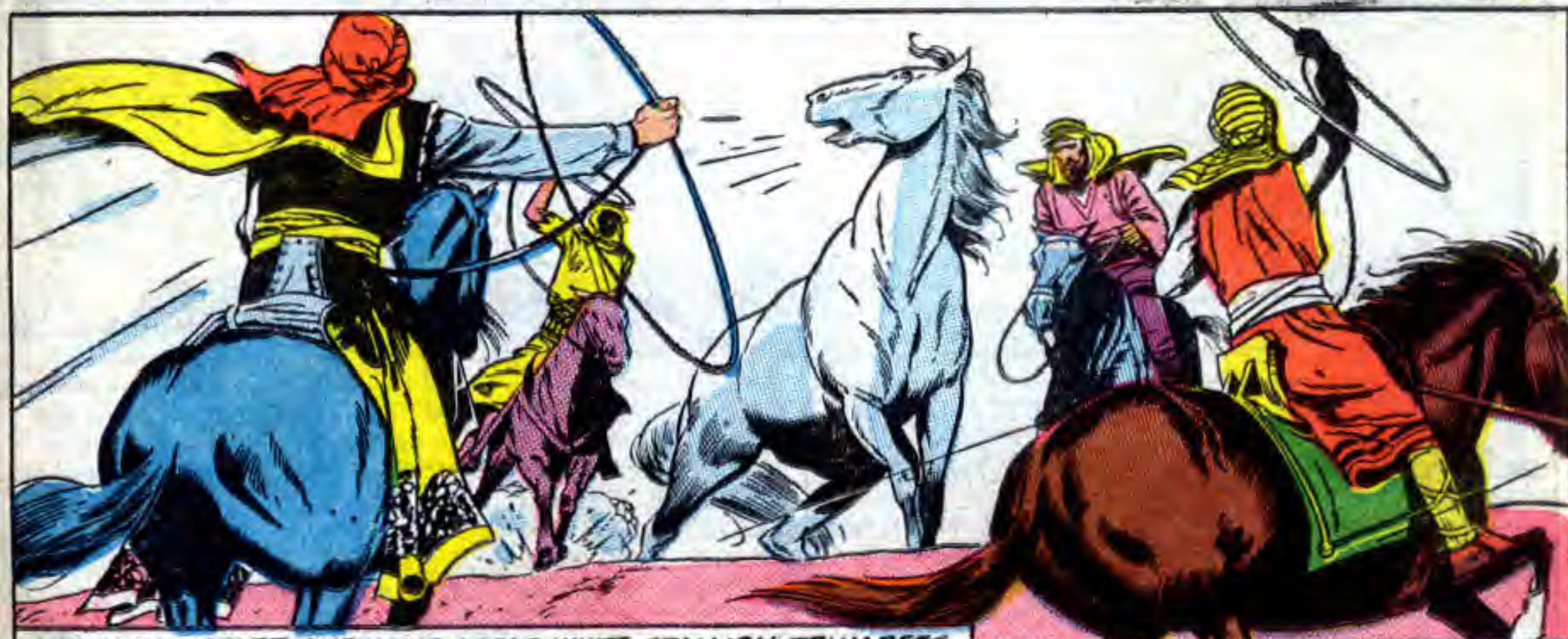




FOUR MOUNTED FIGURES GLIDE QUIETLY TOWARD THE TUAREG CAMP--AND IN ONE QUICK MOVEMENT TWO OF THE RIDERS POUNCE ON THE LONE GUARD WHO IS QUICKLY BOUND AND GAGGED.

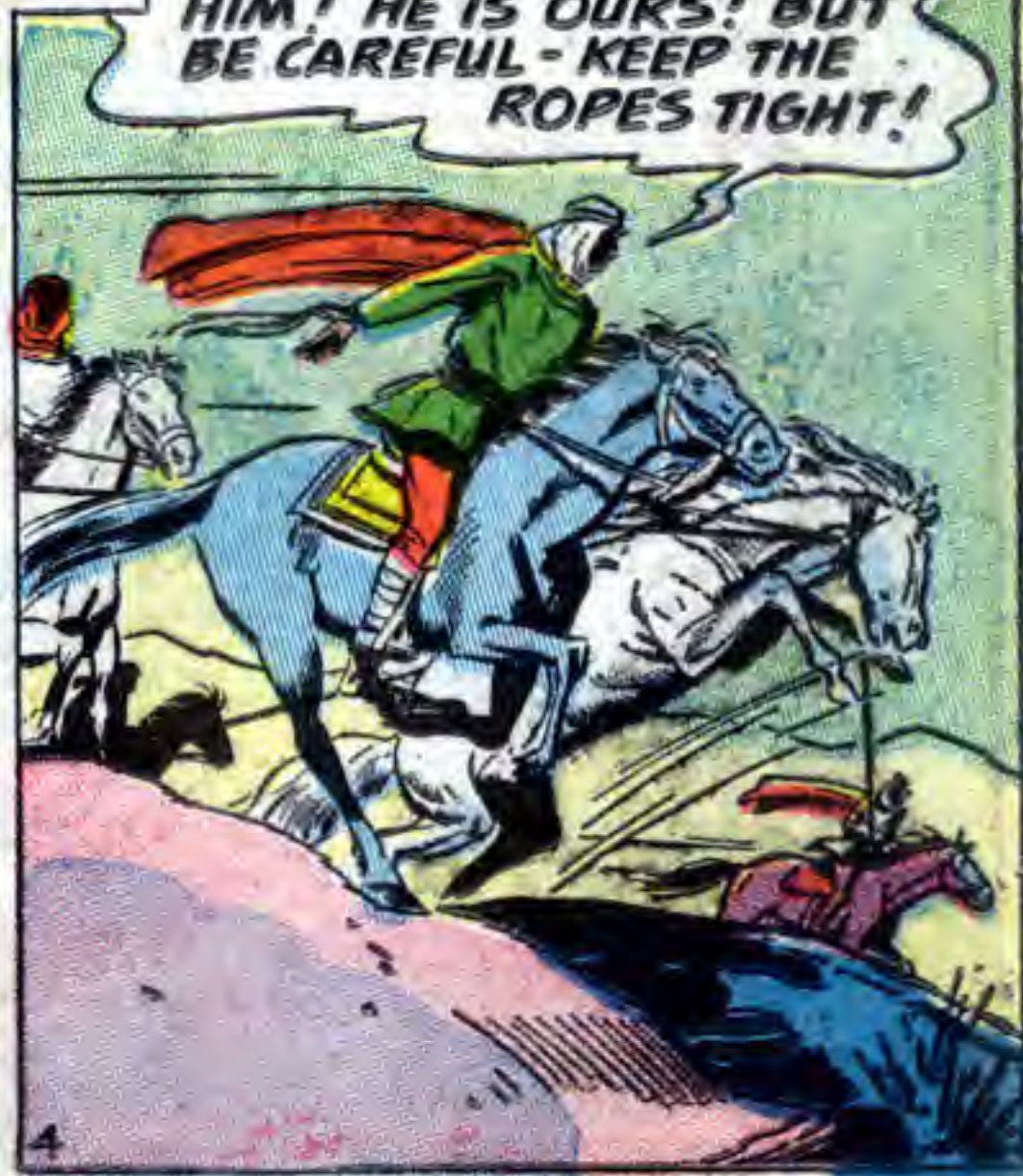


"VERY GOOD--NOW, BAALID, WE WILL TAKE THE GREAT WHITE STALLION. REMEMBER--HE IS A TERROR, AND DO NOT FORGET OUR PLAN--WE THROW FOUR LOOPS FROM FOUR DIRECTIONS.



AND WITH A START, SHEIK, THE GREAT WHITE STALLION TRUMPETS DEFIANCE AT THESE MEN WHOM HE SENSES TO BE MARAUDERS.

WE HAVE HIM! WE HAVE HIM! HE IS OURS! BUT BE CAREFUL--KEEP THE ROPES TIGHT!





AND LATER-- BACK AT HASSIM'S CAMP, THE GREAT SHEIK STRUGGLES AGAINST HIS TETHER AS HASSIM STAINS HIS WHITE BODY WITH A BLACK DYE MADE OF PRESSED DATES...



HAH! HE CHANGES COLOR BEFORE OUR VERY EYES...

BUT SHEIK'S DISAPPEARANCE WAS THE SIGNAL TO ACTION FOR BABA AND HIS FELLOW BAND OF TUAREG WARRIORS. WITH BABA'S FATHER, ALI BEN FOUSSA, AT THEIR HEAD, THE TUAREGS THUNDER OVER THE TRAIL OF THE RAIDERS' TRACKS.

THERE IS THEIR CAMP BEYOND-- THE TRACKS LEAD US RIGHT TO IT.

AND FROM THE FORM OF THE TENT I WOULD GUESS THAT IT'S THE LAIR OF HASSIM, THE TREACHEROUS BEDOUIN.



AND ALI BEN FOUSSA WAS RIGHT. FOR AS HE DISMOUNTS AND WALKS FORWARD WITH BABA, THEY ARE CONFRONTED BY THE CALM AND OILY HASSIM.

WELL, PRAY TELL ME-- TO WHAT DO I OWE THIS UNEXPECTED VISIT? YOUR WARRIOR BAND DOES NOT MAKE A PRETTY PICTURE.

HASSIM, WE HAVE COME FOR THE WHITE STALLION YOU STOLE



WHITE STALLION? WHAT WHITE STALLION? THERE IS NO WHITE STALLION IN MY CAMP. INDEED, I HAVE ONLY ONE OLD WHITE MARE WHICH I DO NOT BELIEVE YOU WANT-- BUT YOU ARE WELCOME TO HER-- HAH, HAH!

FATHER, SEE THAT FINE BLACK STALLION TIED OVER THERE! BUT FOR HIS COLOR HE REMINDS ME IN EVERY WAY OF OUR GREAT WHITE SHEIK.





A FEW DAYS PASS. BABA AND HIS FATHER LEFT HASSIM'S CAMP WITHOUT EVEN KNOWING THAT THE BEAUTIFUL BLACK STALLION WAS REALLY THEIR OWN SHEIK DYED BLACK. AND NOW BABA'S MOTHER GREETS A VISITOR TO THEIR TUAREG CAMP... IT IS THE SULTAN OF SULEEM AND HE IS VERY ANGRY...

GREETINGS, EXCELLENCY, WE ARE HONORED. WHAT HOSPITALITY CAN WE OFFER YOU THIS DAY?

I WANT YOUR SON. THE BOY YOU CALL BABA - WHERE IS HE?

MY SON? WHAT DO YOU WANT OF MY SON?

I WISH TO ASK HIM WHY HE SET UPON MY MESSENGER AND STOLE MY RUBY. HE MUST RETURN IT TO ME, OR DIE!

OH... YOUR SON IS THE ONLY ONE IN THE DESERT WHO OWNS A HORSE THAT IS FAST ENOUGH TO HAVE CAUGHT THE HORSE, JA-MI-LI, WHICH I BORROWED FROM HIM FOR THE MISSION.

IT IS TRUE THAT YOUR SON'S HORSE SHEIK IS **WHITE** AND THE HORSE RIDDEN BY THE MAN WHO OVERTOOK MY MESSENGER WAS A **BLACK HORSE**, BUT THE ROBE OF MY MESSENGER CARRIES A GREAT BLACK STAIN WHICH IS **DYE**, MADE FROM **PRESSED DATES**. YOUR SON'S HORSE WAS NOT STOLEN - INSTEAD HE WAS DYED BLACK BY YOUR SON SO THAT HE COULD STEAL MY RUBY.

SURELY, EXCELLENCY, NO MATTER! I WILL GIVE THERE IS SOMETHING YOUR SON ONE WEEK TO RETURN MY RUBY. IF HE WRONG, FOR I DOES NOT DO THIS, I WILL KNOW MY SON RETURN WITH MY MEN IS NOT A THIEF. AND DESTROY YOUR CAMP. DO NOT TAKE MY WORDS LIGHTLY!



AND AS THE SULTAN AND HIS MEN RIDE OFF,  
BABA'S MOTHER CALLS TO HIM...

BABA, SOMETHING  
TERRIBLE HAS  
HAPPENED...

I KNOW, MOTHER, I  
HEARD EVERYTHING.  
QUICKLY, SEND A RIDER  
AFTER THE SULTAN.  
INSTRUCT HIM TO  
FOLLOW ME TO THE  
CAMP OF HASSIM.



NOW I KNOW WHY THE BLACK STALLION  
IN HASSIM'S CAMP LOOKS SO MUCH  
LIKE MY SHEIK -- IT **WAS** SHEIK!  
AND HE WAS STAINED BLACK WITH  
A DYE MADE OF PRESSED DATES!



I MUST BE CAREFUL. I  
AM LUCKY THAT I COULD  
GET THIS NEAR TO  
HASSIM'S  
CAMP...



THOSE HORSES... BY  
THE PROPHET'S  
BEARD! ONE OF  
THEM IS **MY**  
**SHEIK!**



SHEIK! SHEIK! THEY HAVEN'T  
HURT YOU, HAVE THEY...  
DON'T WORRY, OLD FRIEND...  
YOU ARE SAFE... OH, IT'S  
GOOD TO BE WITH YOU!





... AND NOW, SHEIK, I'LL  
HAVE YOU AWAY FROM  
HERE BEFORE THEY...

WHAT'S  
THAT?



YOU WILL TAKE THE  
HORSE IF YOU  
LIVE, TUAREG!



BUT HE IS MY HORSE - HE HAS BEEN  
STOLEN... AND WHAT HAVE YOU THIEVES  
DONE WITH THE SULTAN'S RUBY?

I, HASSIM,  
HOLD THE  
RUBY,  
YOUNG  
DOG...



... BUT I DO NOT EXPLAIN  
MY ACTIONS TO A YOUTHFUL  
FOOL, ESPECIALLY  
ONE WHO IS ABOUT  
TO DIE - LIKE  
THIS!

LOOK OUT,  
SHEIK! HE'S  
GOING TO  
SHOOT!!



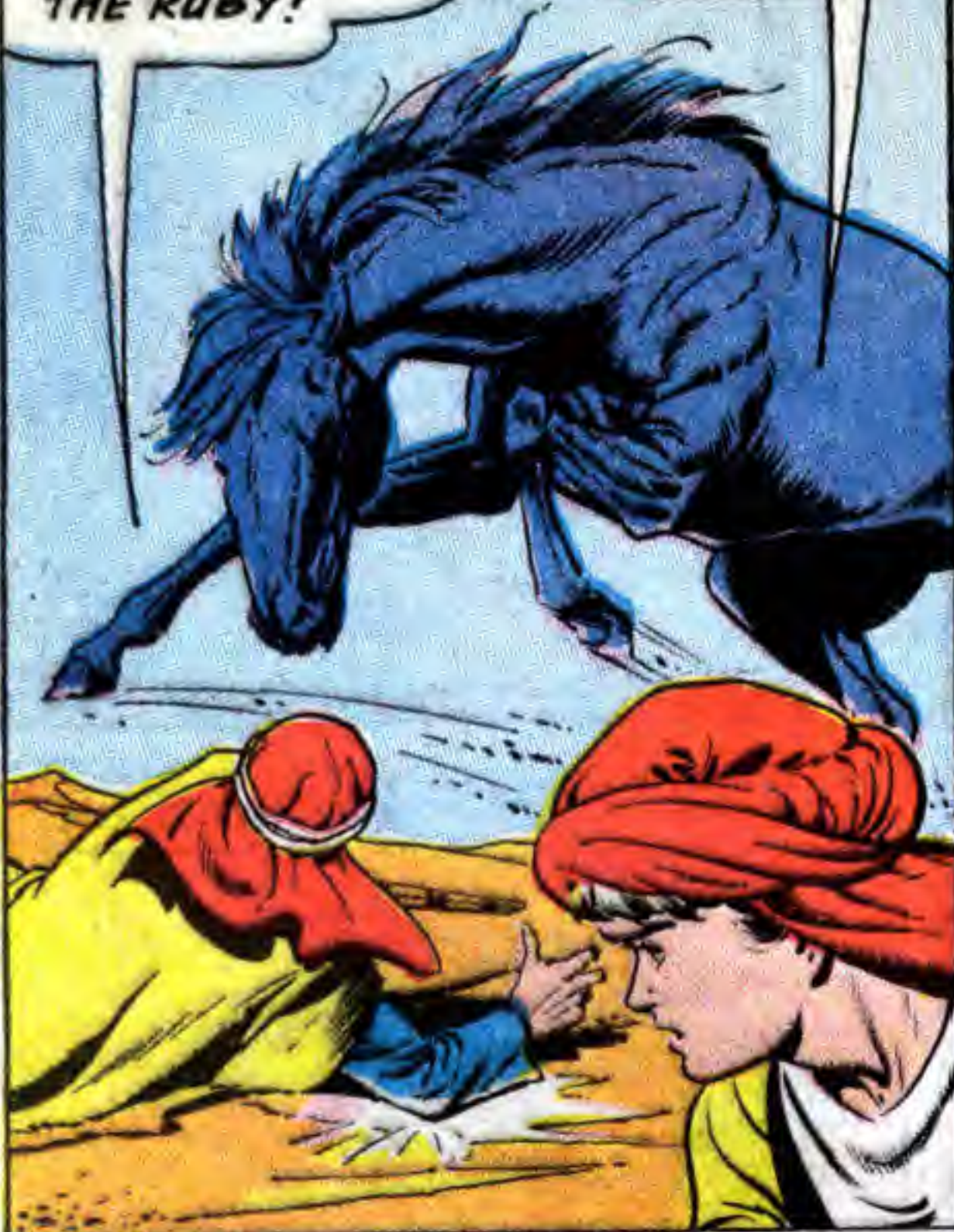
AND WITH THE CRACK OF THE GUN, THE GREAT  
SHEIK SPRINGS LIKE A TIGER AT HASSIM...





NO! NO! THE BEAST IS MAD! HELP! STOP HIM! HE'LL KILL ME! HELP ME AND I WILL GIVE ANYTHING-- **EVEN THE RUBY!**

VERY WELL... **STOP, SHEIK!** DO NOT TRAMPLE HIM! **STOP!!**



HASSIM'S HENCHMEN DASH TO HIS RESCUE-- AND AT THAT MOMENT THE SULTAN AND HIS WARRIORS PLUNGE ONTO THE SCENE...

THIS YOUNG DOG-- HE TRIED TO KILL ME!

MY RUBY! WHO HAS IT? I WILL KILL THE ONE WHO STOLE MY RUBY! **SPEAK!**

HE IS THE THIEF, EXCELLENCY, HE HAS THE RUBY!



HASSIM STOLE MY FAST WHITE HORSE TO GET THE RUBY. THEN HE DYED MY HORSE WITH PRESSED DATES AND HE LET ME TAKE THE BLAME FOR THE WHOLE THING...

LIES--LIES! YES, I HAVE THE RUBY BUT I TOOK IT FROM THIS THIEVING BOY BEFORE THE HORSE ATTACKED ME!



LATER, THE SULTAN KNOWS THE TRUE STORY AND HE SPEAKS WITH BABA...

MY SON, I AM VERY SORRY THAT I ACCUSED YOU AS I DID-- FOR NOW I KNOW HOW WELL THE EVIL HASSIM LIED... BUT HE WILL PAY WELL FOR IT... HERE, TAKE THIS GOLD AS A SMALL TOKEN OF MY APPRECIATION FOR ALL THAT YOU HAVE DONE!

THANK YOU, EXCELLENCY, I AM HONORED THAT I COULD HAVE BEEN OF SUCH SERVICE.





# Sargasso Derelict



LAY ALOFT AND GET  
THE CANVAS ON 'ER!  
WE'VE GOT A STRONG  
WIND AT OUR  
BACKS!

WELL, WE'RE OFF,  
PAULA, TAKE A LAST  
LOOK AT GOOD  
OLD ENGLAND.

OH DEAR, OUR  
VOYAGE WILL BE  
SUCH A LONG  
ONE.

WE'RE MOVING!  
WE'RE MOVING!

IT IS LATE IN THE 17TH CENTURY... A CARGO SHIP SAILS FROM LONDON FOR THE WEST INDIES, AND ITS ONLY PASSENGERS ARE FRED BARNES, HIS WIFE AND SMALL SON, WILL. LITTLE DO THEY REALIZE WHAT IS IN STORE FOR THEM BEFORE THEY REACH THE INDIES WHERE BARNES HOPES TO START A PLANTATION.



BUT SUDDENLY IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC, MUTINY BREAKS OUT ABOARD THE SHIP.

IT'S HIGH TIME THIS SHIP KNEW ITS RIGHT MASTERS!

YE'LL SWING FROM YARDARMS—EVERY MUTINOUS DOG OF YE!

HUSTLING HIS FAMILY TO THE SAFETY OF THEIR CABIN, FRED BARNES ARMED HIMSELF AND TOOK UP A POSITION OF DEFENSE...

DON'T LEAVE THE CABIN AND I'LL TAKE CARE OF ANY ROGUE WHO WOULD LAY A HAND ON US!

THEN--THE LEADER OF THE MUTINEERS SHAMBLES UP TO FRED...

COME NO FURTHER OR YOU'RE A DEAD MAN!

HOLD YOUR FIRE, MATE, WE HAVE TAKEN THE SHIP BUT WE WON'T HARM YOU OR YOUR FAMILY!



WELL, AT LEAST BEING PUT OFF IN A SMALL BOAT IS MUCH BETTER THAN SEEING MY FAMILY HARMED. AND THESE SUPPLIES SHOULD KEEP US ALIVE.



AND HOURS LATER, AS FRED STRUGGLES AT THE OARS IN THE DOGGED HOPE THAT LAND WILL SOMEHOW BE REACHED...



MOTHER! DADDY! LOOK!



AND BEFORE THE STARTLED GAZE OF THE LITTLE FAMILY THERE LOOMS A GRAVEYARD OF SHIPS; ANCIENT ROTTING QUEENS OF THE DEEP, HUDDLED TOGETHER IN THE UNENDING EMBRACE OF THE SARGASSO SEA.



IT SEEMS LIKE A PICTURE OF DEATH.

YES, THIS IS THE SARGASSO SEA; OR THE ISLE OF LOST SHIPS, A STRANGE SPOT IN THE ATLANTIC OCEAN WHERE CURRENTS FROM VARIOUS DIRECTIONS MEET IN ONE SLOWLY TURNING AREA THAT EVENTUALLY ATTRACTS THE DERELICTS, AND LIKE THE HEAVY BINDING SEAWEED, THE WRECKS HAVE COME TO NEST YEAR AFTER YEAR - ALL SHAPES AND SIZES, FROM EVERY LAND, LOCKED TOGETHER, IN WHAT SEEMS A FITTING AND FINAL RESTING PLACE FOR THE AGED OF THE SEA...

HERE, LET'S CLIMB ABOARD THIS ONE. THIS OLD JACOB'S LADDER COULDN'T BE HANDIER. UP YOU GO, SON!

I'M A LITTLE FRIGHTENED, FRED. IT'S ALL SO STRANGE!



THIS IS THE ENTRANCE TO THE GALLEY. MAYBE WE CAN CRAWL THROUGH THIS WRECKAGE.



LOOK - THERE SEEMS TO BE AMPLE STORES FOR SUCH AN OLD DERELICT.







AND SOON, FATIGUE, COMBINED WITH THE SOFT WINDS, BRINGS SOOTHING SLEEP TO THE LITTLE FAMILY... ALL IS QUIET--THERE'S ONLY THE SOUND OF WATER LAPPING AT THE OLD HULK'S SIDES. THEN, FROM THE RAIL COMES A RASPING SOUND AND...



THE OLD CREATURE MAKES A WEIRD SIGHT AS HE PAUSES AND SURVEYS THE SLEEPING TRIO IN THE MOONLIGHT...

THEN, WITH THE STEALTH THAT IS MORE OF THE ANIMAL THAN OF THE MAN, HE PLUNGES TO ONE KNEE BESIDE THE SLEEPERS AND RAISES HIS KNIFE.







SOMETHING AWAKENS PAULA JUST IN TIME TO SEE FRED THREATENED.

FRED!  
FRED!



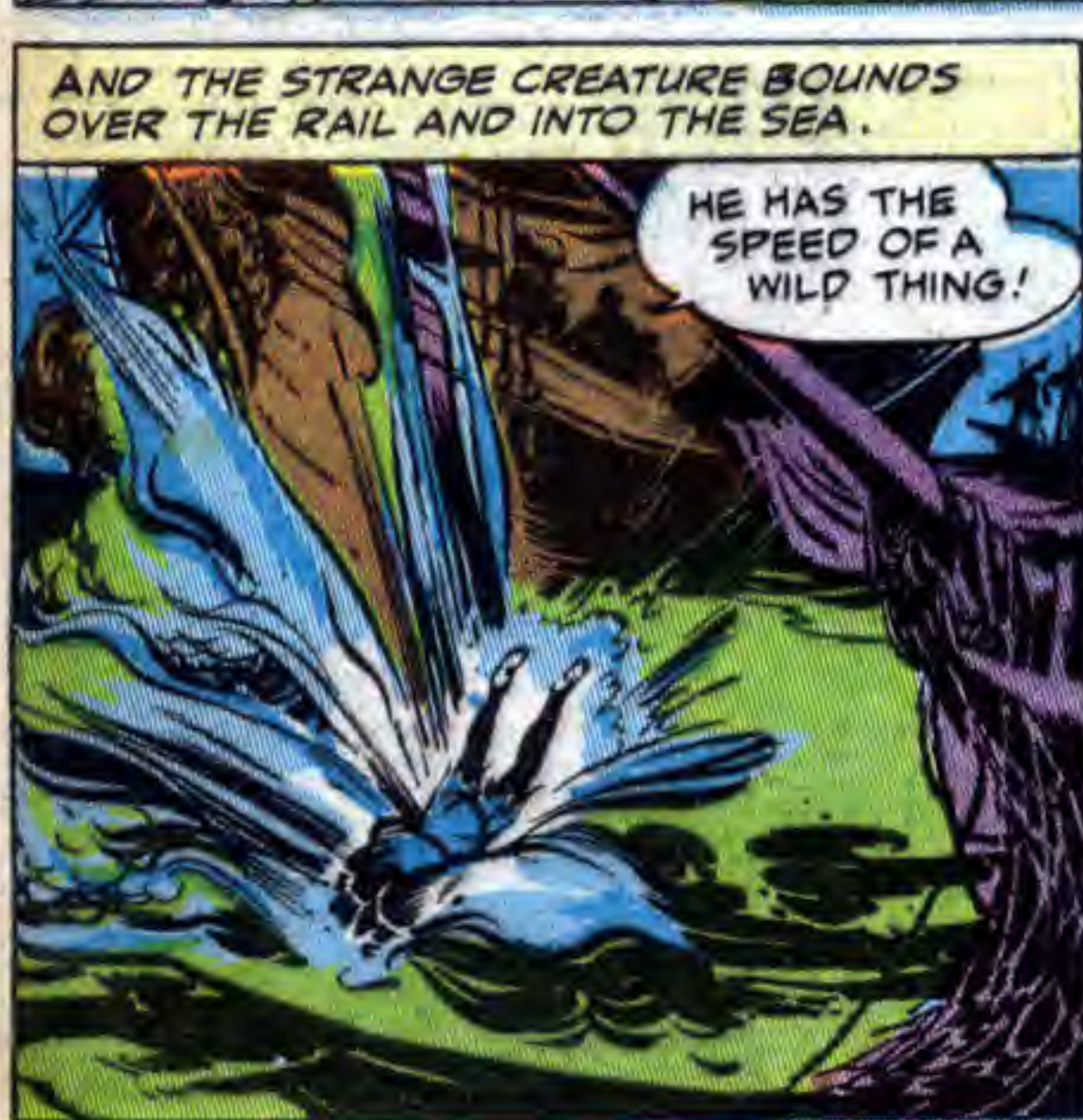
THE AROUSED FRED LASHES OUT AND SENDS THE OLD CREATURE REELING WITH A HEAVY BLOW.

WHO IS IT,  
DADDY,  
WHO IS  
IT?



WHO WAS IT, WILL?  
WHERE DID HE GO??

THERE HE GOES!



AND THE STRANGE CREATURE BOUNDS OVER THE RAIL AND INTO THE SEA.

HE HAS THE  
SPEED OF A  
WILD THING!



NEXT DAY, AS THEY EXAMINE THE SHIP MORE CLOSELY, THEY ARE STUNNED TO DISCOVER A SMALL BOAT OF VERY GOOD CONDITION CRADLED ON THE AFTER-DECK.

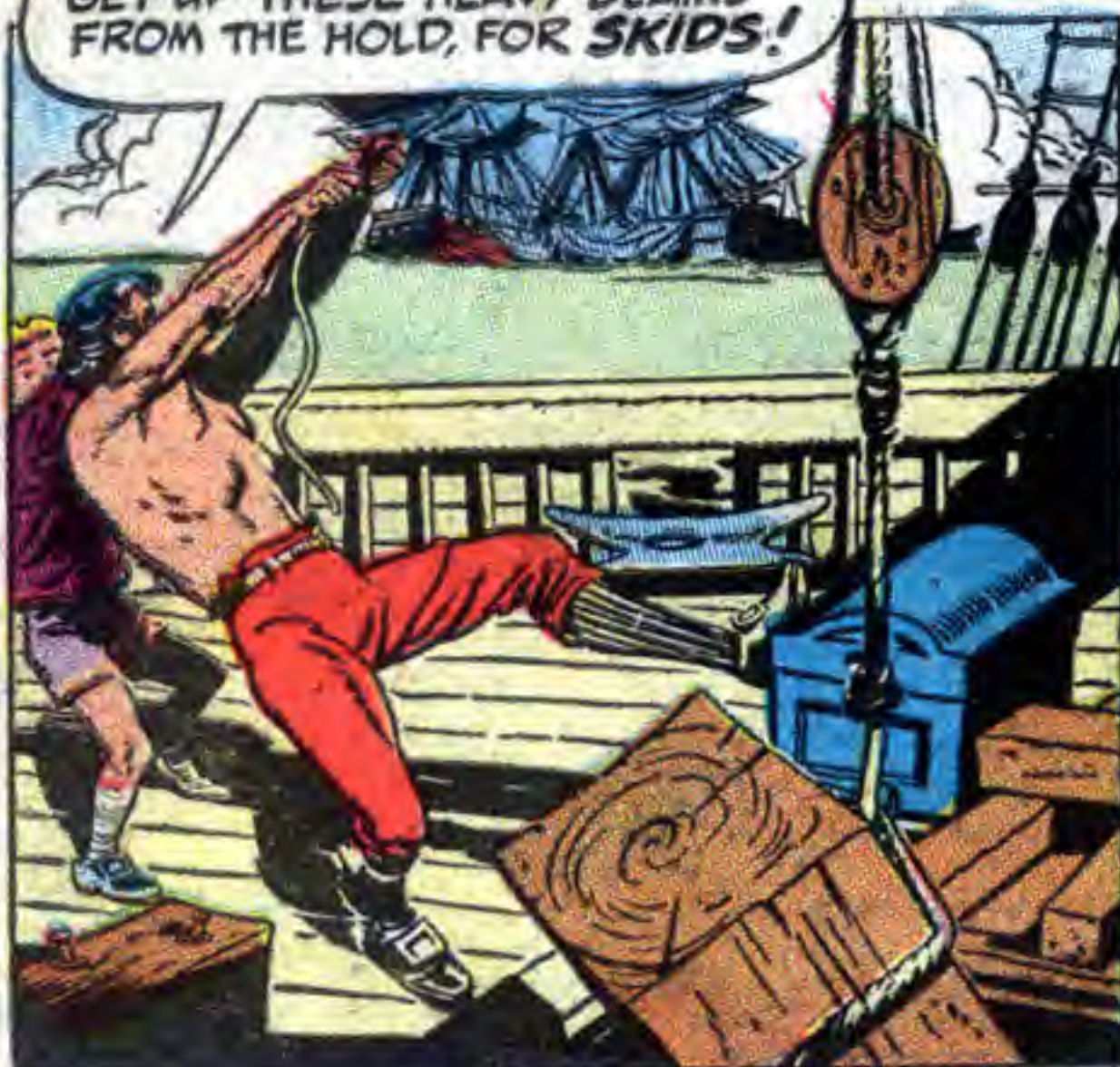


AND NOW, WITH THE IDEA IN MIND OF LAUNCHING THE SMALL SAILBOAT, FRED AND YOUNG WILL ARE IN THE CARPENTER SHOP IN THE HOLD OF THE SHIP.

WELL, SON, I THINK LUCK IS WITH US. MAYBE SOME OLD TOOLS HERE AND A BLOCK AND TACKLE MADE FROM OLD RIGGING WILL BE THE ANSWER TO LAUNCHING THAT SAILBOAT.



PULL, WILL, PULL! WE MUST GET UP THESE HEAVY BEAMS FROM THE HOLD, FOR SKIDS!



FIRST WE MUST CUT AWAY A LARGE ENOUGH SECTION OF THE GUNWHALE TO LET THE BOAT PASS...



THERE--AT LAST WE'VE GOT THE BEAMS LASHED IN PLACE AND THEY'LL MAKE FINE SKIDS. NOW--OUR NEXT JOB IS TO TURN THE SAILBOAT AROUND.



WELL, IT WAS A HARD TASK, FRED. THOSE TIMBERS WERE SO HUGE, BUT I **STILL** DON'T SEE HOW YOU AND WILL CAN EVER DRAG THAT HEAVY BOAT TO THE WATER.

I'M WONDERING ABOUT IT TOO, FATHER...



GETTING THAT BOAT TO THE WATER IS OUR ONE HOPE OF SAFE PASSAGE FROM HERE...AND NOW I WILL SHOW YOU OUR NEXT STEP...





STAND BACK! THIS OIL WILL  
MAKE AN AWFUL MESS--  
THERE SHE GOES!

LOOK OUT,  
MOTHER!

THIS STUFF ISN'T VERY PRETTY  
BUT WE'RE LUCKY TO HAVE  
IT FOR THESE SKIDS!

DEAR, I  
HOPE IT  
WORKS,  
FRED.

AND WITH BLOCK-AND-TACKLE POWER FROM A CAPSTAN,  
FRED DRAWS THE SAILBOAT OFF THE DECK AND ONTO THE SKIDS.



IT'S WORKING!--  
THERE SHE  
GOES!



OH, GOOD,  
GOOD!

AND AS THEY ADMIRE THEIR HANDIWORK THAT IS THE  
PRECIOUS LAUNCHED SAILBOAT, THE LITTLE FAMILY  
IS UNAWARE OF A MENACE THAT THEY HAVE  
FORGOTTEN...



AND FRED AND HIS WIFE CHECK THE SAIL-  
BOAT'S SLIDE AS IT GOES INTO THE WATER...







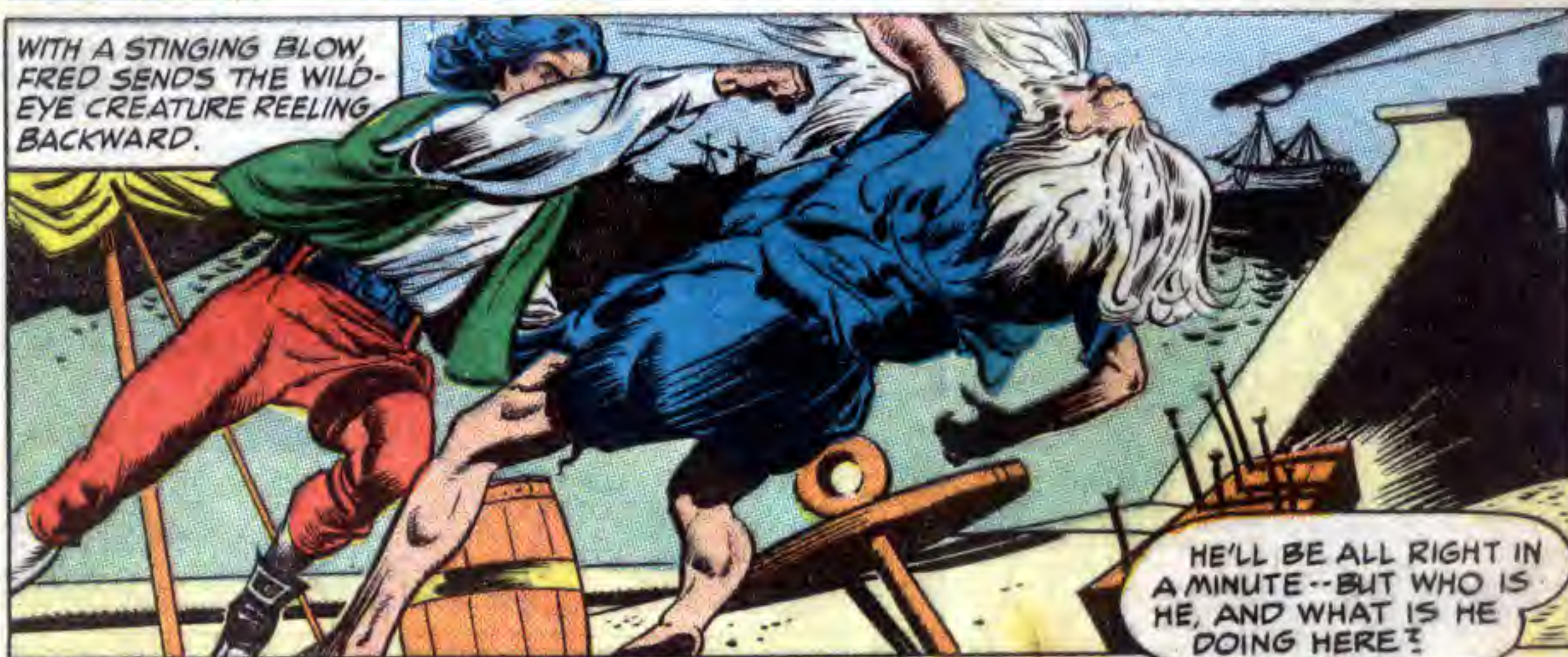
DEATH! DEATH TO ALL ENEMIES OF BEN FOSS, THE PIRATE!

WHAT?



NO YOU DON'T, OLD MAN! YOU DON'T USE THAT KNIFE ON ME! HMM, YOU HAVE THE STRENGTH OF TWO MEN!

DEATH TO ALL ENEMIES OF BEN FOSS, THE PIRATE!



WITH A STINGING BLOW, FRED SENDS THE WILD-EYE CREATURE REELING BACKWARD.

HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT IN A MINUTE--BUT WHO IS HE, AND WHAT IS HE DOING HERE?



WHAT A PITIFUL, MAD OLD FOOL!

AND WHAT CAN HE MEAN BY HIS STRANGE CRY ABOUT DEATH AND A PIRATE NAMED FOSS? OH, LET US HELP HIM!



THERE! HE IS COMING TO HIS SENSES.

OH, MY HEAD--MY HEAD!



WHAT DID YOU MEAN WHEN YOU CRIED OUT THE NAME FOSS? IS THAT YOUR NAME?

OH, NO, NO! I'M NOT BEN FOSS. MY NAME IS **WALTER BENSON**. I KILLED BEN FOSS... YES, I HAD TO KILL HIM... YOU WILL UNDERSTAND WHEN I TELL YOU MY STORY...

"BEN FOSS AND I WERE SHIPMATES ON H.M.S. QUEEN OF LONDON... WE WERE ATTACKED BY PIRATES, OUR SHIP BLEW UP, AND IN A SMALL BOAT FOSS AND I GOT HERE TO THE ISLE OF LOST SHIPS SAFELY... HERE WE DISCOVERED A TREASURE BUT FOSS PROVED TO BE GREEDY, AND AT NIGHT TRIED TO KILL ME-- IN SELF DEFENSE I KILLED HIM AND EVER SINCE, MY MIND HAS DESERTED ME. THIS SUDDEN BLOW LIFTS A CLOUD OF DARKNESS AND AGAIN I CAN REMEMBER. NOW-- COME ALONG WITH ME. I WISH TO SHOW YOU SOMETHING..."

...IT IS ON ANOTHER SHIP BUT THEY ARE SO CLOSE TOGETHER. WE WILL HAVE NO TROUBLE GETTING THERE.



CAREFUL-- HERE WE ARE-- THIS IS THE SHIP.

DON'T FALL, WILL.



AND DEEP IN THE HOLD OF THE ANCIENT GALLEON, THE LITTLE PARTY PAUSES AND PEERS TIMIDLY INTO THE MUSKY GLOOM...

IT'S IN HERE-- HERE'S WHERE IT IS!

IT'S LIKE A TOMB.

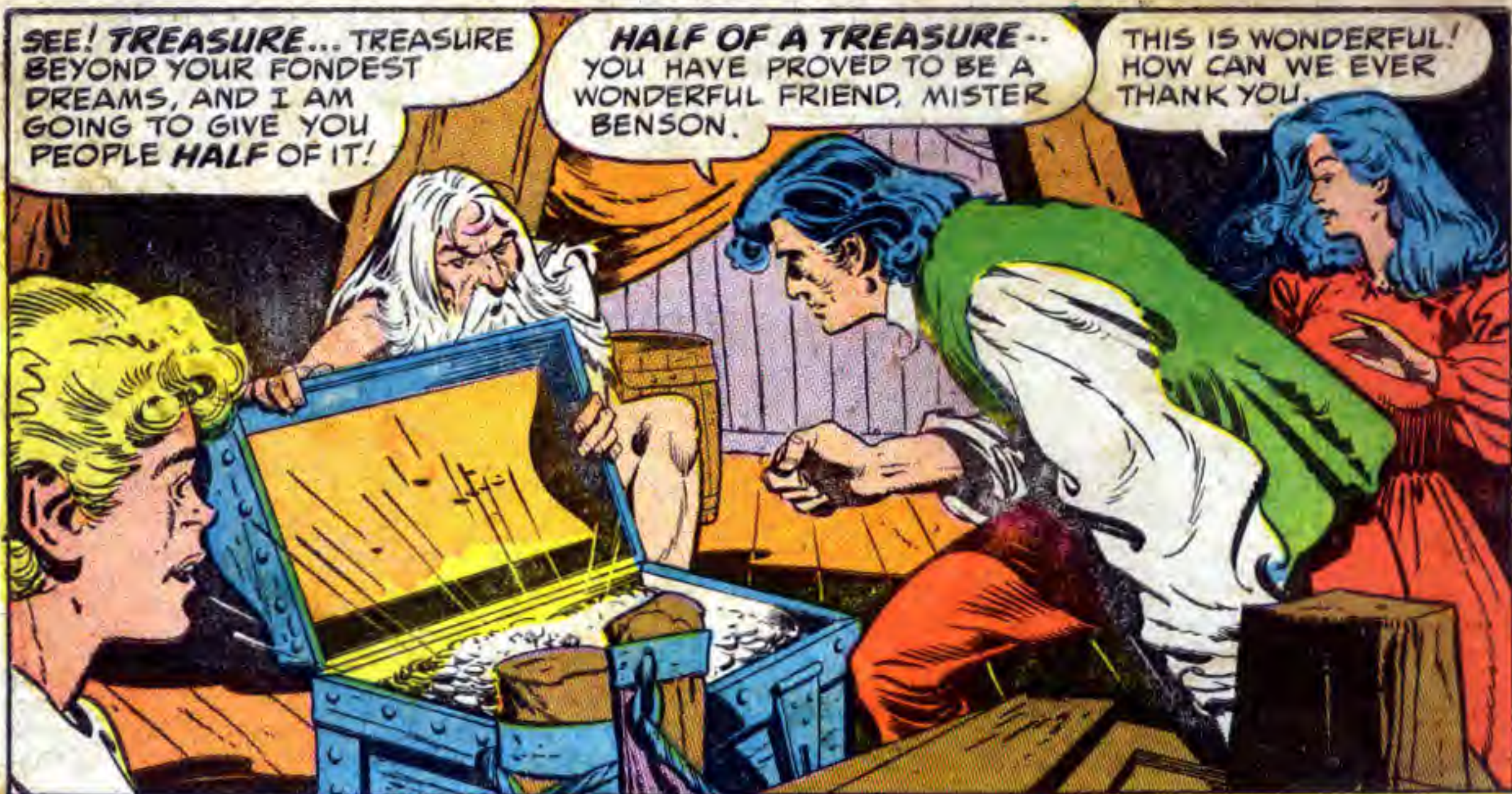




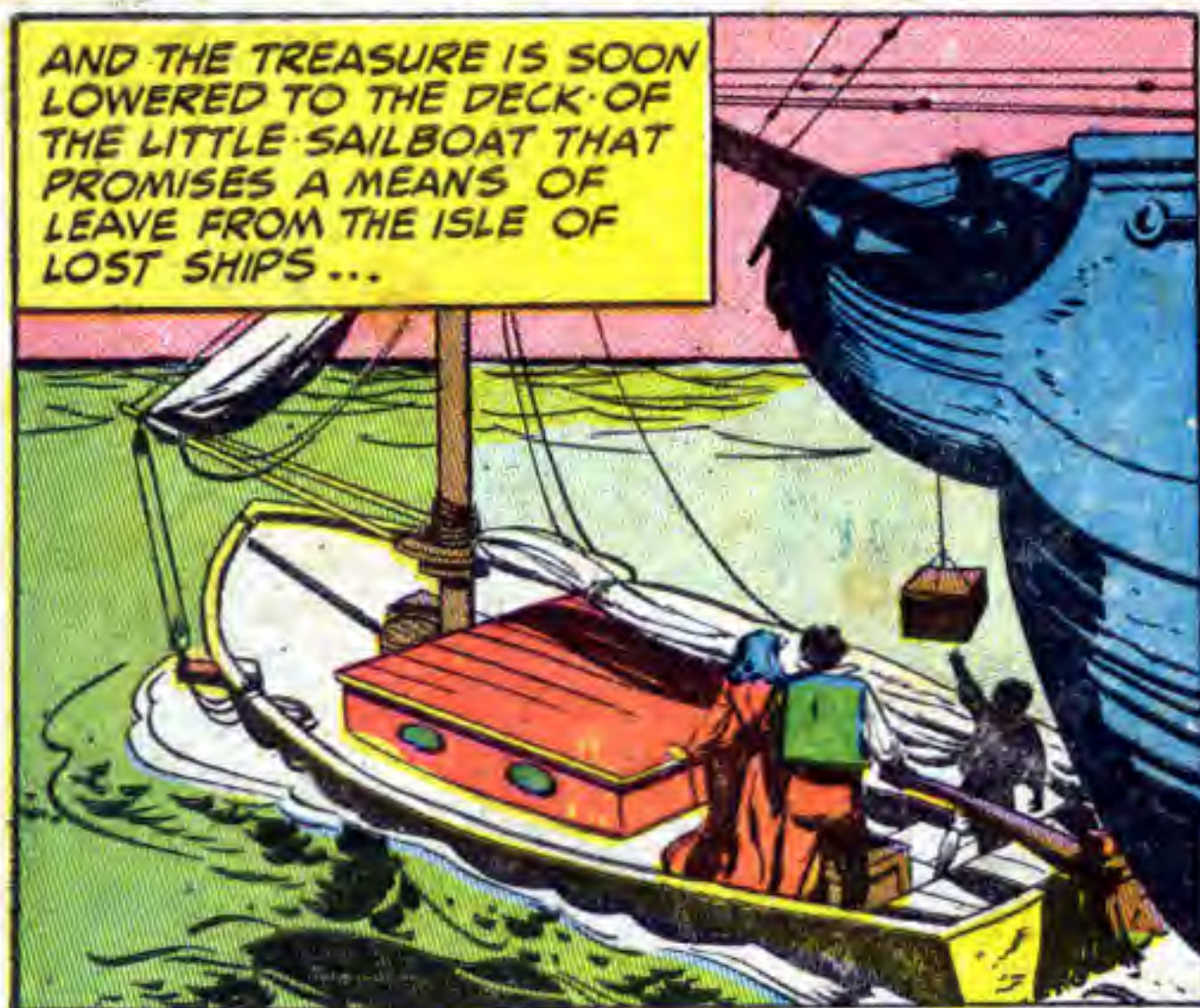
SEE! TREASURE... TREASURE  
BEYOND YOUR FONDEST  
DREAMS, AND I AM  
GOING TO GIVE YOU  
PEOPLE HALF OF IT!

HALF OF A TREASURE--  
YOU HAVE PROVED TO BE A  
WONDERFUL FRIEND, MISTER  
BENSON.

THIS IS WONDERFUL!  
HOW CAN WE EVER  
THANK YOU.



AND THE TREASURE IS SOON  
LOWERED TO THE DECK OF  
THE LITTLE SAILBOAT THAT  
PROMISES A MEANS OF  
LEAVE FROM THE ISLE OF  
LOST SHIPS...



IT'S A HARD JOB GETTING  
OUT OF THE CLUTCHES OF  
THIS HEAVY  
SEAWEEED!



AND SOON THE LITTLE SAILBOAT IS FREE, AND WITH A STIFF BREEZE IN HER SAILS, KNIFES THE WAVES, CARRYING A PARTY THAT IS HAPPY BECAUSE THEY KNOW THEY ARE HOMEWARD BOUND.



**NECKERCHIEF IS PICTURED ON INSIDE FRONT COVER**

**BUDDIES! WEAR YOUR  
NECKERCHIEF THIS WAY**



**SWEETHEARTS, WEAR  
YOUR NECKERCHIEF  
AS A BABUSHKA!**

Every member of my Buster Brown Gang is going to want one of these bright, colorful neckerchiefs. It's shown here in black and white, but the one you'll get will be in beautiful orange, green and brown. It's big, too—22x24 inches. Notice that it pictures Buster and Tige, Froggy the gremlin, Squeekie the mouse, Grandy the piano and Midnight the cat. And, oh yes, I'm there, too, right in the middle.

*Smilin' Ed McConnell*

This gleaming gold-colored metal clip comes with every neckerchief. There's a picture of Buster and Tige right in the center. It's an emblem that every member of my gang will be proud to wear.



*A neckerchief and clip of this high quality would sell in the stores for 80¢ or more. But these neckerchiefs were made up especially and exclusively for Buster Brown Gang members, and the cost for both the neckerchief and the clip, mailed right to your home, is only 25¢.*

## HOW TO GET YOUR NECKERCHIEF

It's easy. All you have to do is to fill out the coupon at the right, paste a quarter in the circle shown there and mail to me. Just address the envelope to:

Smilin' Ed McConnell,  
P. O. Box 3355,  
St. Louis 3, Missouri.

Smilin' Ed McConnell

P. O. Box 3355, St. Louis 3, Missouri

Dear Smilin' Ed:

I am a member of the Buster Brown Gang.

I wear Buster Brown Shoes. I buy them at

.....  
(DEALER'S NAME)

.....  
(DEALER'S ADDRESS)

My name is..... I am..... years old.

My address is.....

.....  
I enclose 25¢ for which please send me the Buster Brown Gang neckerchief and clip.

**PASTE  
25¢  
HERE**



**BUSTER BROWN'S**

# School Days Jamboree

Come a-running, buddies, for back-to-school shoes! They're Buster Browns...best school shoes in town! Ask mom to take you to your Buster Brown shoeman soon.

